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Our Serials and our Circulation.

For several months past we have printed from Eighty to Ninety-three Thousand Copies per week of Harper's Weekly, more than double that of any other Illustrated Newspaper in the country.

We commenced in No. 134 a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel. This exquisite Story is printed *from early proof-sheets* purchased *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. Dickens's new serial, "A Tale of Two Cities," was commenced in Harper's Weekly on May 7, and Mr. Curtis's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "Trumps," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

REV. MR. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.

We engrave herewith the stupendous edifice which is to serve as Mr. Spurgeon's chapel in the city of London. Long ago the fame of the young preacher spread so wide that a chapel in Park Lane, in which he made his début, became too small to contain a quarter of the crowd which flocked to hear him. His friends then hired a public building—the Surrey Music Hall, which, besides being a secular edifice, was, after trial, found rather unsuitable for religious purposes. A collection was then set on foot among Mr. Spurgeon's admirers to raise a fund to build a chapel for the youthful orator. The result of that subscription will be the edifice of which we now give a view.

The Tabernacle is to cost about $105,000; but it is estimated that extras and fittings will swell the sum to $120,000 or $150,000 before it is finished. Several members of Mr. Spurgeon's church have given $500 toward the work; one member gave $15,000. From the spirit with which the work has begun, it appears likely that it will be prosecuted with energy to the end.

The dimensions of the building are in harmony. The frontage will be 86 feet, the depth 195 feet, and the height 85 feet. The ground-floor of the chapel will contain 11,242 superficial feet. A lecture-room, capable of containing 800 persons, with four large class-rooms, is also contained in the building.

The Tabernacle is calculated to accommodate 6500 persons, 3500 of whom will have seats, while the others can find standing room in the aisles, etc. Of this vast number all but about fifty, in the top gallery, will see, if they can not hear, the preacher. The business of acoustics has received careful attention; the powerful voice of the young preacher will be assisted by every appliance that modern scientific skill can devise. The pews on the ground-floor are to be arranged in concentric semicircles, the pulpit being in the centre; thus the aisles, instead of being parallel to the walls, as usual in churches, are to converge to the pulpit.

Excellent provision is made against fire. The aisles are so arranged that the doors could be reached without delay; and there are sixteen separate exits, all of which are wide and spacious. Thus the chance of an accident, such as narrowly befell the congregation at the Surrey Gardens, is materially diminished.

The corner-stone of this fine edifice was laid on the 17th ult., in presence of a large crowd of spectators, lay and clerical. We take from an account of the proceedings the following extract:

"After speeches were delivered by Mr. Spurgeon and Sir S. M. Peto, a friend at Bristol, through Mr. E. T. Inskip, placed on the stone a check for the munificent sum of £3000 sterling. Mr. Inskip, while placing this generous contribution on the stone, stated that if forty gentlemen could be found to give £50 each, or twenty to give £100, his friend would undertake to double the total amount. Mr. Spurgeon expressed a hope that this challenge would be taken up; on which it was announced that Sir Morton Peto had given £100. Mr. Spurgeon himself then gave £100, and said that the persons on the platform were requested to quit it, and those friends who might wish to contribute were desired to come up to the platform by the left hand side, deposit their offerings upon the stone, and quit it by the opposite entrance. The company then obeyed the request of Mr. Spurgeon,

THE REV. MR. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON.

and passed over the platform, depositing their various offerings upon the stone as they passed by it; and as they did so they were individually thanked by the reverend gentleman, who shook each of the contributors very cordially by the hand. Mr. Passmore gave £50, Mr. Morgan £50, and Mr. James Low £147. In addition to these there were many sums of £5, £10, £20, and £25; the total amount given being between £4000 and £5000."

Mr. Spurgeon is so well known and so popular in this country—his books have a much larger sale here than in Europe—that we make no apology for thus illustrating his new church. Our Brooklyn neighbors, who are about to build a church for Mr. Beecher, may perhaps study it with benefit.

The old subscribers of the *Weekly* will remember that we gave, in Number 46, a fine portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Spurgeon.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

THEODORE PARKER'S LETTER.

MR. THEODORE PARKER has written a letter to his congregation in Boston; and his congregation, led on by some evil spirit, have published it. It was a very foolish thing of Mr. Parker to write the letter, it was still more foolish for his people to print and circulate it; and if, after it is printed and generally read in Boston, there is left a sensible man in that city who is not heartily ashamed of Mr. Theodore Parker, he will be the illustration of an extreme of human folly.

What can have possessed the man to make a laughing-stock of himself! Had he no friend in the Tropics to burn the letter before he sent it; no friend in Boston to suppress it after it reached that head-quarters of intelligence and sound judgment?

If he designed to make his life a monument for the avoidance of others, it is all very well; for the American Tract Society or the Presbyterian Board of Publication could not do a better thing than reprint it without note or comment. No young man will read it without becoming satisfied that if this is all Mr. Parker has to say for himself, he has wasted his life on worse than nothing.

In fact, Mr. Parker's book is the grand summing-up of Rationalism, and the whole of the book is Ego—I—I—I. There is not on record, in ten times this number of pages, an equal amount of fulsome self-praise, blind self-admiration; pure, impertinent, astounding egotism. We have sometimes heard of Mr. Parker as a man of intellect, and we have always given him credit for sincerity; but we have never before known why he could not see clearly the errors of his own vagaries. Here is the explanation, simple and satisfactory. Mr. Parker can see nothing but the concave mirror before which he stands, and in which is reflected the image of Theodore Parker, so gigantic in proportions that it hides even God himself. No wonder the poor man can not see the earliest principles of truth and reason.

That we are not too severe in our estimate of the book will be abundantly plain to any one who will read it.

Mr. Parker's first view of himself is at a very early age—when he was in his seventh year. By that time, "after a severe but silent struggle," he assures us, "I made way with the ghastly doctrine of eternal damnation and a wrathful God;" . . . . . "from my seventh year I have had no *fear* of God." Precocious boy! Solomon was a fool to this young Hercules of Reason. For Solomon, when he was old, thought the fear of the Lord but the beginning of wisdom; and the young Parker finished all that sort of wisdom while he was learning to talk!

He thrived well on a farm in the country, where, long before he concluded to become a minister, he had mastered most of the grand doctrines of theology, and sent them the same way with the doctrine of God's justice. This youth had strangled not only one, but several Hydras. "The doctrine of the Trinity, the great 'mystery of Revelation,' had long since gone the same road." Thus he writes. "I had found no evidence which to me could authorize a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth." Wonderful intellect of the child Parker! "Many miracles related in the Old and New Testament seemed incredible to me; some were clearly impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked." This precocious boy would have saved Hume a world of trouble. His sweeping intelligence waited no process of argument, but saw *clearly* the impossibility of the thing. And then, "I had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible; and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it!"

It is remarkable that a boy in his teens should have accomplished all this; but the question suggests itself, "What was left for him to believe?" He did not fear God nor believe in his Son; he doubted the inspiration of the Bible, and believed parts of it positively incredible and wicked. It is somewhat curious to find a young boy with this sort of mind selecting "the ministry" as a profession. Ministry of what, on earth or in heaven?

After a man has got rid of God, Christ, and the Bible, we should like to see the person who can show him any thing left to admire, love, and adore, except just what this young Parker found, to wit—self. Something to worship we must have. That our humanity demands; and that object of worship we should say, in the modern style, must be either subjective or objective. It must be either within or without one's self. And having lost sight of the God of Abraham and Paul, and being too sensible to worship a stone, it was very natural that this young wonder of intellectual ability should worship himself. Having once begun this worship, he has never been able to get over it.

But what should the boy preach? Could he, with such mental power as this, after disposing of God and all the ordinarily received truths of religion, be so weak, and, to use a simple phrase, such a fool, as not to know that egotism was stupid, and might be disgusting? No—for this was his very religion. He deliberately determined to preach *himself!* "I determined to preach nothing as religion which I had not experienced inwardly and made my own, knowing it by heart." Paul (a distinguished and learned man of ancient times, to whom has been generally accorded some sense and a little ability, although not up to the Parker standard probably)—Paul said that he preached not himself but Jesus. Parker differed from Paul, and, to say the least of it, it is refreshingly cool to hear of the boy of nineteen or less, who resolved to preach "the natural laws of man as they are writ in his constitution, no less and no more;" and to make his own heart the model!

Such, from beginning to ending, is his work. Every page is overloaded with this egotism. Ten pages more of the book would have exhausted the capital I's in the printing-office. No ordinary office could stand such a draft on the upper case. Mr. Parker goes on, page after page, with the repetition of his self-satisfaction. He is not an old man, but he is superabundantly satisfied with his accomplishments. If he has done one-tenth part of what he declares he has done, if he has *studied* one-tenth part of what he thinks he has studied, if he has learned one-thousandth part of what he professes to have learned, he has lived long enough. Human nature could not stand much more, and he would be either a God or a fool in another year. If the reader imagines that there is any reason, any argument in the book he is mistaken. It is a pure impertinence from title-page to finis. It is the assertion, repetition, and accumulation of the same old story, and after the tenth page the wonder ceases and the reader goes to the end with an impression of profound disgust.

Disgust mingled with a little sadness, for it is the most hopeless book that man ever penned. Without God, it is of course without a hereafter; and one rises from the pages with the conviction that this man, who knew nothing beyond the little circle of his own mind—a circle forever narrowing, of necessity, year by year; that this poor egotist, who acknowledged no religion that he did not find in his own miserable, uneducated heart; that this poor lover of self could not see one ray of light beyond the hole in which that self must lie and rot!

Here is a pastoral letter from a preacher to his congregation, miserable sinners all and Boston sinners at that, who if any sinners, must be supposed to look with considerable anxiety into the mists before them; here is a letter of two hundred printed pages (lacking twenty) in which there is no one word of promise, reward, or expectation for the future.

A shudder must have come over the members of Mr. Parker's congregation when they heard this letter read. Neither for himself nor for them is there one word of hope. The sorrow with which he laments the failure of his health and the possibility of his apostleship being suddenly cut off sinks into the melancholy of despair, unrelieved by any satisfaction in the result of past labors, or any prospect of rest after work well done. Never was colder letter; never more frigid, freezing religion; never more desperate cry to one's companions in a sinking ship.

We have nothing to do with one or another form of religious creed or doctrine. For the purposes of this article it matters nothing to us whether Jesus is the Christ or only a Christ, as Mr. Parker calls him, though what he means by that neither he nor we know. But as reviewers of books printed, published, and scattered over the land, we are but fulfilling a duty in classing this book where it belongs as a self-demolishing piece of literary work.

While preparing this article another ministerial autobiography has been sent to us, and the books lie side by side. This other is the story of the ministry of William H. Milburn, the blind preacher. The books are marvelously similar in design, but miraculously unlike in execution. We use the word considerately. Here is a miracle that Mr. Theodore Parker has yet to revise his boyish accomplishments before he can expect to see or understand. Nay, he will never see or understand it. He is past all that, long ago, when he was seven years old. He will die, perhaps not now, but some time, he will die, and every word that he has uttered, every doctrine he has taught, will die and vanish forever, and name and fame of him and his ministry will perish utterly, because there is no life in him or them. That his sentiments should prevail for a day, or an hour, or a moment after he has given them utterance is simply impossible, because they are founded on no principles of truth, they commend themselves to no reason, they are without form and void. No one need fear damage from them. This book, and Mr. Parker's preaching, if this is a specimen, are harmless. It is impossible that any soul worth saving can be converted to the idolatry of worshiping the God of this volume. But let the reader of the Boston book, when he has finished that, take up the thrilling story of the poor blind boy of the prairies. Here is no self-admiration, though certainly the boy who could see nothing outwardly might well have fallen to studying and loving his own soul. Neither is there any of the nonsense of transcendentalism, except that he tells us very frankly that he once (when a man, not when a boy) went through the course in which it appears that Mr. Parker has stuck fast and forever.

Mr. Milburn tells one of the simplest and most satisfactory stories of his experience in this matter that could be desired. He sees the egotism, he confesses it, he laughs at it. One would think he had written his story as a commentary on Mr. Parker's. He went through the school. But he was not the giant at seven that the Boston boy was. He could not then—nor later—dispose of Christ so easily. "There was one fact, however, that always stood in my way—the person and work of the Redeemer of the world. My powers of scientific analysis were never competent to dispose of that." Poor fellow! How easily the Boston boy did it at seven or less! But what a glorious story is his when compared with the cold story of the Boston minister!

We have done with Mr. Parker, and should have stopped sooner but for the opportune arrival of Mr. Milburn's book. Again we commend them both to every man who is desirous of comparing the religion of self with the religion of God. One book is the story of a selfish egotist rushing with eyes wide open into the world and, bat-like, flying about blind in a blaze of sunlight, and finding nothing, always nothing; the other is the story of a blind boy, sitting in darkness and alone on a Western prairie, and, like Bartimeus of old, hearing the footsteps of the passing Saviour of the world! If Mr. Milburn's experience is not joyous enough to make men love his creed, Mr. Parker's is cold and gloomy and desperate enough to frighten a man into believing in Brahma or Vishnu, or any God but the self of a transcendentalist.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

THIS journal has more than once protested against the absurd privilege accorded by the law to members of Congress in respect to franking. Under the present system every member of Congress is entitled to send by post, without paying postage, as many letters and printed documents as he pleases to any section of the Union. This right we have always considered monstrous: unfair to the revenue, which it cheats; unfair to the Post-office, which it burdens with masses of political matter "of no value to any but the owners;" and generally unreasonable.

But it seems that we were ignorant of the true intent and meaning of the law. Not only have members of Congress the right of using the mails gratuitously, but a generous usage confers the same privilege on their wives, their sisters, their mothers, their sons, their daughters, and, for aught we know, their nephews, nieces, and cousins to the thirtieth and fortieth remove of consanguinity.

Lest any unsophisticated person should doubt the fact, we subjoin the evidence, which we find in a "Card" published over the signature of a Mr Lewis Clephane, who calls himself the "Secretary of the National Republican Association." Mr. Clephane says:

"It is a fact patent to the whole country, and certainly to every individual who has visited Washington, that but very few members ever do their own document franking, but generally authorize their wives, daughters, sons, or clerks to do it for them.

"For years past the different political organizations have been in the practice of sending out from here documents known at the Post-office to have been franked by clerks employed by those organizations, and no exception has heretofore been taken to it.

"The clerks of the Post-office inform me that it has been their universal practice to distribute all such matter coming to the office."

The present Postmaster, Mr. Holt, objected to the delegation of the right of franking, and refused to forward documents on which the frank was forged.

But why not give the abuse full swing? Why try to govern by the rules of common sense a practice so palpably absurd?

In the latter days of the old French monarchy, we are told that not only could a *grand seigneur* obtain a *lettre de cachet* for a troublesome father who objected to the seduction of his daughter, or a tiresome tailor who wanted his bill paid, but the same delightful luxury was within reach of all the relatives of the great man. A sprig of nobility used his father's name to have his rival locked in the Bastile; the daughter claimed the same privilege with regard to the cavalier who had jilted her; the country cousin availed himself of the family right to dispose of a quarrelsome neighbor. Things reached such a pitch at last that a nobleman's valet could have a *bourgeois* incarcerated under a *lettre de cachet*. Then came the Revolution.

We rather think that Mr. Holt—who, passing for a sensible man, must be opposed to the franking system—had better have recorded than checked its abuse. When Bridget and Pat come to frank their letters to Galway, on the strength of their having a cousin who was nearly being engaged by a man who ran unsuccessfully for Congress, we shall begin to see daylight on the franking matter.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW YORK AGAINST THE WORLD.

WHY Baltimore should be the most unruly of our cities, and the nearest to a Vigilance Committee, is not an easy question to answer. Yet for the last few years we have been accustomed to hear of riots whenever the elections came—and to expect trouble whenever there was a political meeting. Barbarous murders, too, have not been unknown. But the last enormity, the seizing of a party of pleasure by a band of banditti among the passengers, has roused the spirit of the citizens, so that we may look either for a cessation of these villainies, or for a popular assumption of the civic administration.

The question which is involved in the Baltimore difficulties and the condition of New York and Philadelphia, is simply, whether the Democratic system be a failure or not. In the case of the great cities that is often openly affirmed. The Legislature of three years ago virtually said the same thing, by the appointment of the Police Commission, which was merely a method of allowing the people of the State to govern their metropolis. The principle is fatal to popular government, when carried out, because the municipality is the type of the democratic system.

The question, however, apart from that, is simply a question of fact. Is the government of the city the expression of the will of the majority of the citizens? If not—if by any means the expression of that will is thwarted—and the majority does not put an end to the thwarting, then the majority have answered the question, and the democratic system *is* a failure.

But if we leave that—and test the system by its results—assuming that the government is really what it is nominally—is it then a success? That is to say, does the New Yorker get more personal security and civic comfort at a less cost than the Parisian or Londoner? If he does not, then again the system is a failure.

Now however deeply a citizen may deplore the mud and turmoil and danger of New York—however he may sigh for Paris streets and London cabs, and the strict observation of the class-lines of society, it is well known that our worst villains are imported—that is, that they were engendered by the state of things in those cities; and that the proportion of crime which comes to the public knowledge here is very much larger than elsewhere. And this is said, certainly not by way of excuse, but for the sake of fairness. Nor must we forget, that while the whole English system is one of submission, and the London police is so numerous and well-drilled—and while Paris, besides its system and police, has an army at hand to repress disorders—yet, if such a phenomenon as the sudden voidance or conflict of the chief municipal authority should occur, the most frightful results might be apprehended, while here, a year ago, such a phenomenon did occur and lasted for a week, and nobody was troubled, but every body thought it a bore.

Why?

Because lawlessness is not the law. And it is not so, because it is the interest of such a vast majority to keep the peace that we may almost say people commit all the crimes they want to.

If we compare the great foreign cities, during the years in which they have no revolutions, with New York, we shall probably find the phenomena of good order more numerous upon their side. And there is plenty to be done so long as we can not surpass them. If, for instance, it is inseparable from a republican system that travelers must be fleeced and flayed by hackmen—that the streets before places of amusement at night must be like Babel the evening of the confusion—that Peter Funk may diddle Dr. Primrose out of twenty dollars at every corner—that the streets must be Dismal Swamps—that the municipal elections shall be utterly corrupt—that the taxes shall be a third or fourth more than they should be—that all the city work should cost twenty times what it would cost any citizen, and be badly done or left undone, at that—that the proportion of police officers to their probable duties should be that of waiters at a watering-place dinner-table—if all these things are part of the republican system, it is very clear that, however superior it may be to any other, it is not yet quite perfect. And it can only be made perfect by being made more republican. Let *all* the citizens vote, taking care that every body votes and votes only once, and our municipality will not be a by-word. Let it be once understood that a man, calling himself a gentleman, who buys directly or indirectly a single vote, will lose consideration as much as if he had been caught cheating at cards, and the work is done.

"Give me a point in the air seventeen thousand feet high, to rest my foot upon," said the philosopher Megalosaurus, "and I will look over Mont Blanc."

THE LAST IMPERIAL MOVE.

SINCE the Lounger has undertaken to have his say about Louis Napoleon, he ought not to omit the amnesty which Louis Blanc refuses for him-

self, but advises other people who want to, to accept, and which Victor Hugo refuses altogether.

The amnesty is a stroke of good policy. It shows a conciliatory spirit, and it indicates consciousness of strength. Of course those who think the Emperor had no right to tear men from their families and send them away, on the ground that they were opposed to him (for what was he doing but trying to get control of their country?), can not see any peculiar favor conferred by the amnesty. If my pocket is picked of twenty dollars, and I am told after a few years that I may have five of the sum if I will call at a particular place, and behave particularly well, I shall hardly be overwhelmed by any sense of gratitude.

As for Italy, as Walter Savage Landor justly says, an emperor who owes his throne to a popular vote (nominally, at least) can hardly consistently thwart the result of a popular election in Tuscany or Modena or Parma. No, he can not do it consistently, if consistency happen to be the motive of his actions.

Frankly, however, if Tuscany and the other Duchies do hold popular elections, and are allowed to abide by the result, some palpable political advantage will have accrued from the Italian war. But we do not see that this is to be supposed to have been the intention of the French Emperor. That he and many other people saw that it might happen, and that it might be in his interest if it did, is very probable. But he does it in that case from the same ambition which led him to exile the Republican generals and representatives. The only standard by which we can judge any politician is his antecedents. If they have been always simple, noble, and honest, we may believe that he intends honesty. When they have not been so, even if in a particular case he did mean honestly, it is impossible for the observer to know or believe it. Dick Turpin may throw a guinea to a blind old woman. But it by no means follows that he is not a robber.

GROGGY GOVERNMENT.

THE people of our promising little sister State of California are fortunate in their two United States Senators. *How* fortunate, those gentlemen are themselves showing. It is no longer a matter of party—it is a question of individual self-respect for Californians whether such persons ought to represent them.

It has been sometimes fondly hoped by the enthusiastic that the Congress of the United States would not utterly degenerate into a Bear garden. But, after all, there are worse things than Bear gardens. It is easy to tolerate ursine manners where the morals are tolerable. But the authentic documents produced in this California campaign "pour floods of light" upon political morality. The United States Senate is a body in which every citizen of the United States has a direct interest; and the exposures in California show us what kind of legislation may be expected from a collection of men to whom common honesty seems to be simply unknown.

Political corruption has been suspected before. It has even been whispered that the State of New York is not altogether untainted. It might be forgiven in a young and frisky State like California—but, really, in New York, a grave, sedate, Revolutionary, original State—!

"'Tis sad, cried Paul Pry, and he wept like a noddy."

Since, then, it is neither peculiar to young nor old States, but is true of all, if any candid youth chance to read these lines let him reflect a little. You hate politics; you think they are debased and mean, and that whoever touches pitch will be defiled. Well, how did they become so? And if politics are dirty now, will they ever be any cleaner so long as you leave them in the hands of dirty men? If your wagon wheels stick in the mud, Mr. Two Forty, will you leave it stuck because your hands will be so dreadfully soiled if you lay to and lift it out? If you allow the government to be settled in a grog-shop, you must not be surprised to find grog in your government. So long as you and other respectable people hold aloof, because it is such a bore to knock round at Primary meetings, just so long the result of the meetings will be a much more shameful and intolerable bore.

"In good old Colony times" freemen who did not turn out and vote were fined. And surely if jury duty and military duty are made incumbent upon every citizen, not less should be the duty of the franchise. Let every man show cause for not voting. And if any man plead the dirtiness of politics, let him be triply fined as the real cause of that impurity. If any such man sneer at the meanness of politics, let him be cautioned not to sneer at his own work. In this country any man who believes in the democratic principle, and does not interest himself in politics enough to vote, and to know why he votes, shirks his duty to his country, and is so far a traitor.

ANAGRAMS.

XANTHICUS sends the Lounger the following note upon Anagrams. Originally the word signified the production of another meaning by spelling a word backward—as *evil—live*. But later use sanctions any transposition.

Anagrams, which a few centuries ago were classed among the sciences, and frequently made the subject of learned disquisition, are now exceedingly rare, having been almost entirely superseded by conundrums, enigmas, etc. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the process of anagrammatizing names and sentences became fashionable among the European courts, and furnished amusement to a large class of people. The French are reputed to have excelled in forming skillful and appropriate anagrams. Among the best of which is an anagram on the name of Marie Touchet, the mistress of Charles IX. The letters on being changed formed Ie charme tout (or, I charm all) which is said to have admirably portrayed her disposition. This one, however, is surpassed by the following anagram on Frere Jacques Clement, the assassin of Henry III., the words of whose name were transformed into C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée (or, It is hell which created me).

It was customary in those days to anagrammatize the names of poets, authors, and various distinguished men. Of the poet Waller it was said—

"His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his name with *Laurel* he is crowned."

And of the celebrated Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo." Randle Holmes, the author of a book on heraldry, received the anagram, Lo Men's Herald! But perhaps the best anagram was made by John Bunyan upon his own name. He says:

"Witness my name; if anagramm'd to thee
The letters make *Nu hony in a B.*"

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—WM. sends the Lounger a proof of a poem which he himself "set up" at the rate of "a stick and a half an hour, never having handled stick or type before." The lines are pleasant, but there are rather too many of them. Has Wm. ever read Charles Lamb's "Highborn Helen, Round thy dwelling," etc.

—WM. J. V. The Polish game of draughts (checkers) is sometimes played with forty pieces on a board of a hundred squares. In the Polish game the pieces are taken backward. You will find what you wish in the "Handbook of Games," in Bohn's Scientific Library.

—XYE. "In respect of" and "in respect to" are both correct, for good usage sanctions both.—When a gentleman takes a strange friend to see a lady he should certainly send up both cards.

—GRAY EYES. The verses are respectfully declined, but the Lounger has not "elevated his nasal" at them, as you insinuate that he may do. Gray Eyes is a poet who slips this portrait under the door:

"You wear a mask. Also an assumed name.

"Your real name is Lunger.

"You carry a thin, slender rapier. You carry it concealed in a velvet scabbard.

"You sit in your office like a spider in his den, and patiently await for your innocent, unsuspecting contributors.

"Their tracks all point inward. When they enter, you arise, you execute a courtly bow, you extend a courteous welcome, but you pass your rapier through and through the defenseless victim."

A RIDE THROUGH ORANGE COUNTY.

SOME months since we published an article, which was based on the report of a Legislative Committee on Poor-houses and County Asylums throughout the State. It drew attention to the shameful abuses which prevailed in many of those establishments. We then formed the intention of visiting some of the more prominent New York poor-houses, and stating, in this journal, the results of an honest inspection. Circumstances have delayed the fulfillment of that purpose. Last week we paid a visit to the poor-house of Orange County, and of that institution we are prepared to speak.

Orange, it should be premised, is one of the great and rich counties of this State. It has an area greater than that of some monarchies—760 square miles; and its population is probably 65,000 souls—considerably more than are ruled by some independent German potentates. It spreads from the Hudson, on which it owns the flourishing town of Newburgh and historic West Point, to New Jersey and Pennsylvania, on the east and south-east; on the north, Ulster County excels it in size, but not in population; on the south, it has little Rockland County and the State of New Jersey. It is a little world in miniature. Within its boundaries you find steep mountain and pretty hill; the Hudson and small rivulets; lakes in abundance, teeming with pickerel, perch, sun-fish, and lower varieties of the finny races; thousands of acres of land whose culture is abandoned to nature, and thousands of acres in the highest state of cultivation; lovely valley, on which vines sun purple grapes, and stern acclivity, on which the hemlock staggers to find a footing; marble quarries and iron mines; rich fields of wheat, corn, buckwheat, hay, potatoes, barley, rye, and vegetables of every description; and barren stony wastes, where the grasshoppers look attenuated, and on which no respectable bird will waste a single moment. The great product, *par excellence*, of Orange County is grass. Years and years ago Orange grew a surplus of wheat; but years ago this ceased to be, and ever since then Orange has been a grazing county. Before the Erie Railroad was built New York City took the product of Orange, in the form of butter, which was carted by the farmers to Newburgh or Cornwall, and shipped by water to the city. Since the Erie Railroad became a fact, New Yorkers have received the milk, *au naturel*, in great tin cans; sold by the farmers to the wholesale milk dealers at two and three cents a quart, it is duly watered and chalked here, and retailed to the beloved readers of this article at six and eight cents. It is more profitable, say the Orangemen, to keep cattle and sell their milk than to grow any grain or vegetable; and accordingly the staple export of Orange is milk. Every meadow and hill-side throughout the county is dotted with sleek kine. Some farmers own thirty, some a hundred and fifty; all own some. Every known breed, from the Durham of England to the famous breeds which are such favorites in Ohio, are represented here; the business done by the cattle-drovers supports half a dozen banks, and, when represented in dollars, looks very formidable. In no part of the State are more or finer cattle to be seen than in Orange.

Our friend, Mr. M——, of Monroe, took us up in his wagon at an early hour of the morning; and after a brief visit to the camp-meeting at Oxford, where the Rev. Mr. Rice was preaching to some twelve hundred people, we made the best of our way, through a fine country, to Chester, and thence to Florida. Some of the road-side farms, among others that of Mr. Seeley, of Chester, attracted particular attention by their evident completeness; the barns were numerous and "running over;" the meadows clean and smooth as an Episcopalian's chin; every thing—from the honey-suckle on the porch to the well and the pig-trough—was in perfect order, and just as clean as constant use would permit.

Florida is a fine town, with a big hotel. There are two points about it. All the pretty girls in the county are gathered there. There is a prevailing opinion that pretty girls have been seen elsewhere. A rumor lately found vent to the effect that a lovely young creature had been seen at Goshen. But we incline to the belief that this is an error or an exaggeration. Every body knows that all the pretty girls of Provence are at Arles; and all the pretty girls of Orange County are at Florida. Bachelors will be so good as to make a note of the fact.

The second point about Florida is that it is the birth-place of Governor Seward. His father, the late Judge Seward, who was a doctor by profession, died here some eight years ago, worth half a million; the Governor's brothers, Polydore and George, live here still. The old Judge has left his mark here pretty deeply indented. The finest house in the place is the mansion occupied by the children of George Seward—cost $30,000. Another prominent building is the Seward mansion, where the Judge lived and died; and opposite is the Seward Institute, a famous school for girls. Near this is the small cottage where Judge Seward commenced life as a doctor, keeping, at the same time, a small shop on the ground-floor; here William H. Seward was born.

The Judge was a prudent, wary, and, many say, a hard man. The Floridians tell a touching story about his only daughter; how she fell in love with his partner, a young doctor, was forbidden by her father to see him, persisted nevertheless, was locked up for contumacy, and at length ran away and was married to her lover; how the Judge swore great oaths that he would never see her face more, yet, falling ill, and feeling the hand of death upon him, how he sent for her who had often nursed him tenderly, and she came, and staid in his house till he died, with her two boys and her only daughter; how the stern old man, only half relenting, utterly disinherited her sons, because they bore not his name, but left an integral share of his estate to his daughter's daughter; and so on, with the usual embroidery of Little Peddlington chroniclers. The old Judge, dying, groaned in spirit at the thought that the great estate he had amassed by a life of industry and thrift would probably be squandered by his children; to prevent which he willed it in equal portions *to his heirs*, in the direct line, stipulating expressly that none of the heirs could inherit till he and all his co-heirs were of age. By this ingenious contrivance the property has never been divided, and, from present appearances, never will be.

Of Governor Seward there are no reminiscences at Florida. He studied law at Goshen; and removed, on his admission to the bar, to Auburn, since when the Floridians have seen little of him. It is recorded of his father that, in his old age, he was wont to be seized with sudden bursts of affection toward his children. He once sent to New Jersey for his daughter's husband, made many professions of kindness to him, and when he left Florida to return to Jersey slipped a piece of paper in his hand, bidding him not look at it till he was in his own home. The son-in-law, dreadfully excited, hastened home, and found that the mysterious slip of paper was—a ten-dollar note! On another occasion Governor Seward was, it is said, the recipient of a similar surprise; but this time the slip of paper was a check for ten thousand dollars to the order of Mrs. Seward.

Two or three miles from Florida stands the Orange County Poor-house, a substantial three-story stone building, with a farm of 170 acres of good land attached. It was built about thirty years ago. At that time it served as the asylum for all the poor of the county; now Newburgh provides for her own poor, and the County House is supported by the rest of the county, at a cost of about $20,000 a year.

The number of inmates at the present time is one hundred and twenty-four, one-third of whom are males, one-third females, and one-third children. Of these about twenty are lunatics. Idiots, who usually muster so strong in country poor-houses, are wholly wanting. We were told that there was one, but we did not see him. Evidently the soil and air of Orange County are not favorable to the development of idiocy; we commend the fact to the notice of the faculty.

The lunatics, as usual in such establishments, were divided into two classes—new-comers, who had been picked up lately, and who will, we trust, be shortly forwarded to an asylum where they may receive suitable treatment; and cases deemed "incurable," sent to the county from Utica or other lunatic asylums in the State. One young man had gone mad from love. He was a good-looking youth, with well-tended mustache and *imperiale*; he paced his corridor with restless steps, and seemed to be composing verses. The nephew of the keeper of the poor-house, a very intelligent person, advised us not to enter into conversation with him, as he was excitable when addressed. Under Dr. Ranney's care this young man would probably recover before long. We saw one case of seemingly incurable mania, apparently superinduced by habitual intemperance; but, with this exception, none of the male lunatics seemed to have gone mad from sensual excesses; and none wore that peculiar air which marks incurable madmen.

There were a few female lunatics—one, sent from Utica, evidently, in the present state of science, incurable; another, reduced to semi-idiocy by epilepsy, in the same sad class; but the others, as a general rule, rather hopeful cases. So far as we could judge, the chief purveyors of lunatics for this asylum had been intemperance and accidents. One withered old lady is kept there who seemingly should be at home. She is said to be very bad-tempered, and apt to quarrel with her husband and relatives; but if all the bad-tempered people were locked up in mad-houses, we should need several cities to hold them. To all appearances this person is quite sane. She has some property.

Among the lunatics we found a young woman with a child a few months old. She is perfectly sane. Her crime is that she is frail, and incapable of withstanding the wiles of unprincipled men. Thrice, we believe, she has become an inmate of the poor-house in a state of pregnancy, each time burdening the county with her own support during her confinement, and with that of her child afterward. She was barely sixteen when she first sought leave to bring her babe into the world under that hospitable roof. A few months ago she was again admitted. The Superintendent of the Poor endeavored to ascertain from her the name of the man who was thus burdening the county with the expense of his profligacy; but the girl refused to tell. She was threatened—she was punished; but she would not tell her lover's name. She was told that when her child was born she would be confined in the lunatic asylum with the mad people; still she kept her secret. The threat was carried into effect; she was, and is, shut up, as a lunatic, in company with the insane; but still she will not tell.

We submit to the people of Orange whether common decency and humanity will justify this proceeding!

Illicit love is the chief source whence the poor-houses are peopled. There are about forty children in the Orange County Poor-house. Nearly all of these are illegitimate. We saw them in school, under the care of a venerable-looking, white-haired old gentleman, who seemed to take considerable pride in their looks and performance. They were all—the little creatures—clean and well clad, and seemed well fed and happy. We saw a beautiful yellow-haired boy of four years, than whom Fifth Avenue contains no more promising little fellow. He and two sisters have been thrown on the county by a dissolute mother. Another fine boy, with sharp black eyes, and a temper which the officials knew well, is the son of an Orange County girl. She tripped in her youth, but concealed her shame here; subsequently married well, and is now the wife of a wealthy New Yorker. From time to time she visits the poor-house to see her boy. But latterly, the officials say, these visits have been rare; she is afraid her husband may discover the terrible secret of her youth. We heard the boy read, and asked him would he like to come with us and work for his living; he assented joyfully.

As illicit love peoples the children's department, it also keeps the women's chambers full. Three-fourths of the women have come here to be confined. These are mostly Irish; it needs some management to keep them clean and orderly. Some of them have two or three children in the establishment. We visited one of their rooms; the women were noisy, and, as a friend remarked, seemed to "feel their oats." Where pride is wanting, the poor-house must seem a very convenient institution.

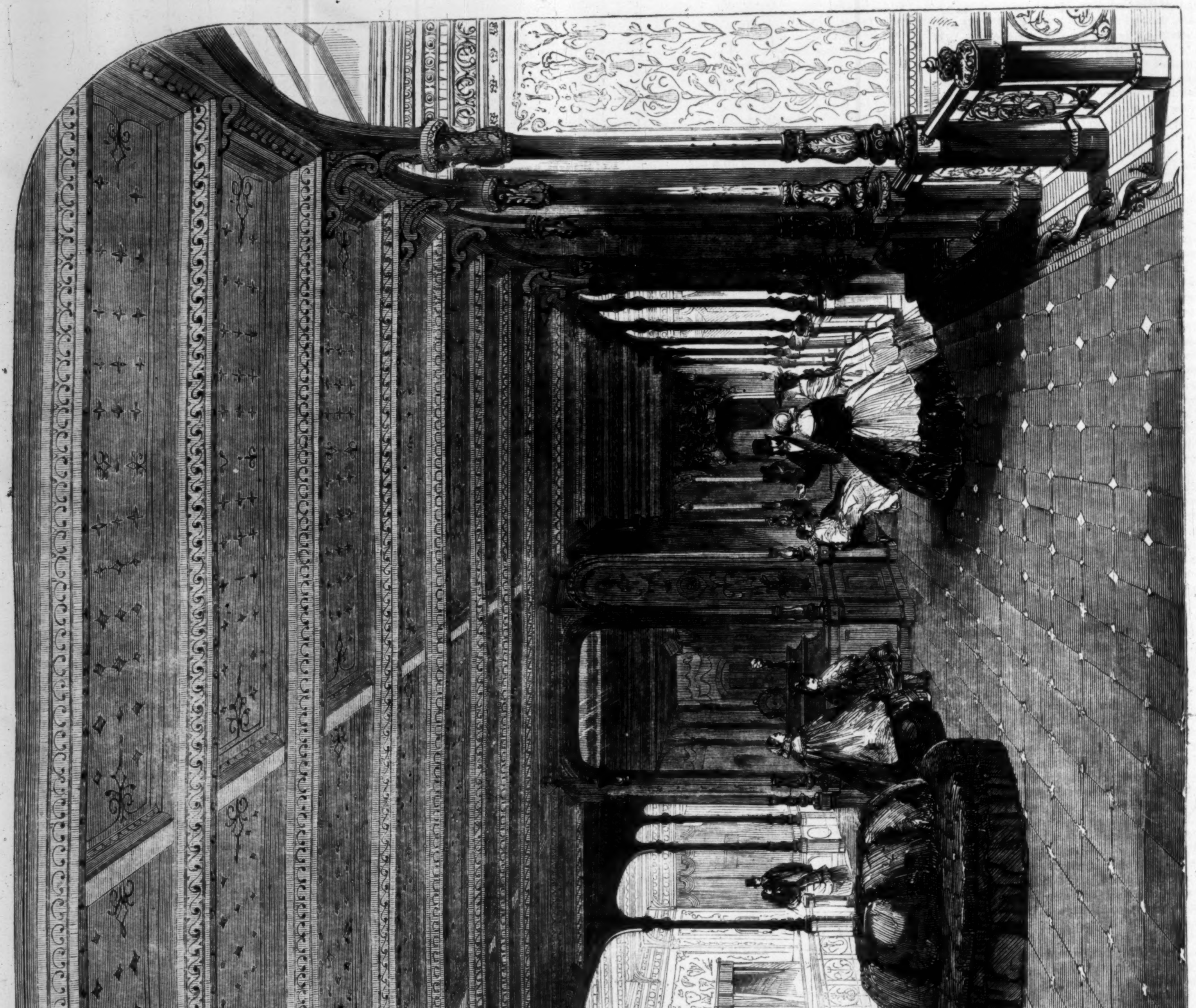
A visit to the paupers of a country poor-house should be a part of every boy's education. Here, and here alone, is seen the dénouement of unsuccessful life-struggles. We see the comedy in Fifth Avenue and on Murray Hill; here is the tragedy. This country is so prosperous, honest industry is so sure of its reward, that the work-house is a far less prominent institution here than it is abroad. But it exists; there are, even in New York State, honest men whose only home, in old age, is the county house; whose last hours are spent in such menial labor as their feeble arms can perform, in requital of the crust and bed which county charity provides. Our companion was deeply moved at the sight of one old man whom he had known a thriving farmer in former days; here he sat in a chair which he had twisted into the embrasure of a window to get as much sun as possible to warm his old blood: he had lost most of his poor wits, and barely remembered that he had once lived in the town of M——. Another feeble old man, tottering across the yard, was once a leading merchant of Goshen. Once his word was final on questions of trade; his paper—why, Sir, the banks wanted it by the ream, by the cart-load. Then, one overcast day, he failed; tumbled down, down, down, into this poor-house, where he is very glad to see any one, and, steadying his old frame with his staff, says "Sir" to little boys who call him by his name. Ah! do you remember Colonel Newcome at Grey Friars?

Yet another old man is there, who does a little work, when it is not too hot, in the fields of the house. He can not work much, for he is very old, and his legs and arms are not good for much now; but he has a high-minded feeling which will force him to do what he can to earn his bread to the last. He, too, was well off once; his brothers are wealthy men still; but, said our guide, the law don't oblige brothers to keep each other, and the brothers of this poor old pauper prefer to leave him to the keeping of the county. We regret that we have forgotten this old man's name.

All these persons seem comfortable and happy. We visited every room in the poor-house, and found every where cleanliness and order, and perfectly pure and sweet air. Floors, beds, walls, ceilings, passages, all were admirably clean. The beds were good; a stout straw paillasse, well shaken up, underneath, and warm coverlets above, constituted a bed on which an emperor might repose comfortably. The dining-room is roomy, and, like the rest of the house, very clean. Here the inmates have their meals: to wit, for breakfast, coffee and tea on alternate days, as much wholesome brown bread as they can eat, and, for those who work, meat or eggs; for dinner, meat, sometimes fresh, sometimes salt, vegetables of every kind from the county farm, and water; for tea, rice and milk, or succotash, etc., etc. Every pauper is allowed to eat as much as he can. The farm produces milk, vegetables, eggs, and beef in profusion; and the rule of the humane Superintendent is, that in that building no one shall suffer hunger.

The whole building is heated throughout by hot-water pipes, and must be very comfortable in winter.

If all our poor-houses were like this one, critics would find their vocation gone.



THE SALOON OF THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT EASTERN."

THE SALOON OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

In the two last numbers of the *Weekly* we gave very full descriptions of the cabin of the great ship; we now give an engraving which shows it to advantage. It is of course needless to observe that our picture only shows a part of this gigantic room.

The total length of the main saloon is 62 feet by 36 feet wide; at one end is the ladies' saloon, which is 20 feet long. Through the saloon protrude two of the funnels; but they have been so skillfully surrounded by mirrors that they appear positively ornamental.

The furniture of the saloon is very rich and beautiful. The carpet is a simple pattern, in which maroon color predominates. The sofas are covered with Utrecht velvet: the buffets are of walnut, richly carved, with green marble tops. The sides of the saloon are covered with mirrors and arabesques personifying the arts and sciences employed in the construction of the ship. The state-room doors are provided with curtains of rich crimson silk.

"DUST TO DUST."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LIII.

DEATH.

THE clover-blossom perfumed the summer air. The scythe and the sickle still hung in the barn. Grass and grain swayed and whispered and sparkled in the sun and wind. June was upon all the gentle hills and peaceful meadows and winding brooks-sides. June was in the sweet-brier that climbed the solid stone posts of the gateway, and clustered along the homely country stone wall. June blossomed in the yellow barberry by the road-side, and in the tremulous anemone and the bright violet in the woods. June sang in the whistle of the robin swinging on the elm and the cherry, and the gushing warble of the bobolink tumbling and darting and fluttering in the warm meadow. June twinkled in the keen brightness of the fresh green of leaves, and swelled in the fruit buds. June filled the air with delight, and covered the earth with glory in the clouds of apple blossoms that covered New England with flowers. June clucked and crowed in the cocks and hens that stepped about the yard, followed by the multitudinous peep of little chickens. June lowed in the cattle in the pasture. June sprang and sprouted and sang and grew in all the sprouting and blooming, in all the sunny new life of the world.

White among the dark pine-trees stood the old house of Pinewood—a temple of silence in the midst of the teeming, overpowering murmur of new life; of silence and darkness in the midst of jubilant sunshine and universal song, that seemed to press against the very windows over which the green blinds were drawn.

But it seemed a little hushed and subdued, that long wave of rich life, as it glided across the lawn and in among the solemn pine-trees. There was a little space of silence even about the house. The birds sang in the trees beyond—the bobolinks gushed in the meadows below. There is a line drawn between life and death.

In the large drawing-room, draped in cool-colored chintz, where once Gabriel Bennet and Abel Newt had seen Hope Wayne, on the table where books had lain like porcelain ornaments, lay a strange piece of furniture, long, and spreading at one end, smelling of new varnish, studded with high silver-headed nails, and with a lid. It was lined with satin. Yes, it was a casket.

The room was more formal, and chilly, and dim than ever. Puffs of air crept through it as if frightened—frightened to death before they got out again. The smell of the varnish was stronger than that of the clover-blossoms, or the roses or honey-suckles outside in the fields and gardens, and about the piazzas.

Upon the wall hung the portrait of Christopher Burt at the age of ten, standing in clean clothes, holding a hoop in one hand and a book in the other. It was sixty-four years before that the portrait was painted, and if one had come searching for that boy he would have found him—by lifting that lid he would have seen him; but in those sunken features, that white hair, that startling stillness of repose, would he have recognized the boy of the soft eyes and the tender heart, whose June clover had not yet blossomed?

There was a creaking, crackling sound upon the gravel in the avenue, and then a carriage emerged from behind the hedge, and then another, and another. They were handsome carriages chiefly, and stopped at the front door, which was swung wide open. There was no sound but the letting down of steps and slamming of carriage doors, and the rolling away of wheels. People with grave faces, which they seemed to have put on for the occasion as they put on white gloves for weddings, stepped out and came up the steps. They were mostly clad in sober colors, and said nothing, or conversed in a low, murmuring tone, or in whispers. They entered the house and seated themselves in the library, with the large solemn family Bible and the empty inkstand and the clean pen-wiper and the paper knife and the melancholy recluses of books locked into their cells.

Presently some one would come to the door and beckon with his finger to some other one sitting in the silent library. The sitter arose and walked out quietly, and went with the beckoner and looked in at the lid, and saw what had once been a boy with soft eyes and tender heart. And coming back to the library the smell of varnish was for a moment blown out of the wide entry by the breath of the clover that wandered in, and reminded the silent company of the song and the sunshine and bloom that were outside.

By-and-by Hosea Wumley and his marm in Sunday clothes walked up the avenue, and entered the house, and looking at the contents of the casket, sat down in the hall, while the old man looked out into the peaceful, perfumed June weather, and shook his head, till somebody came down the stairs and touched him, and gave him a message, upon which he touched his wife, and they went up stairs.

Mr. Savory Gray came also, in black gaiters and white cravat, pondering many things as he seated himself quietly and waited.

At length every thing was waiting. No more carriages came; no more people. There was no more looking into the casket—no more whispering and moving. The rooms were full of a silent company, and they were all waiting. The clock ticked audibly. The wind rustled in the pine-trees. What next? Would not the master of the house appear to welcome his guests?

He did not come; but from the upper entry, at the head of the stairs, near a room in which sat Hope Wayne, and Lawrence Newt, and Mrs. Simcoe, and Fanny Dinks, and Alfred, and his parents, and Hosea Wumley, and his wife, and a few others, was heard the voice of Dr. Peewee, saying "Let us pray!"

And he prayed a long prayer. He spoke of the good works of this life, and the sweet promises of the next; of the Christian hero, who fights the good fight encompassed by a crowd of witnesses; of those who do justice and love mercy, and walk in the way of the Lord. He referred to our dear, departed brother, and eulogized Christian merchants, calling those blessed who, being rich, are almoners of the Lord's bounty. He prayed for those who remained, reminding them that the Lord chastens whom he loves, and that they who die, although full of years and honors, do yet go where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, and at last pass beyond to enter into the joy of their Lord.

His voice ceased, and silence fell again upon the house. Every body sat quietly; the women fanned themselves, and the men looked about. Here was again the sense of waiting—of vague expectation. What next?

Three or four workmen went into the parlor. One of them put down the lid and screwed it tight. The casket was closed forever. They lifted it and carried it out carefully, down the steps. They rolled it into a hearse that stood upon the gravel, and the man who closed the lid buttoned a black curtain over the casket.

The same man went to the front door and read several names from a paper in a clear voice. The people designated came down stairs, went out of the door, and stepped into carriages. The company rose in the library and drawing-room, and, moving toward the hall, looked at the mourners—at Hope Wayne and Mrs. Simcoe, at Mr. and Mrs. Budlong Dinks, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dinks, and others, as they passed out.

Presently the procession began to move slowly along the avenue. Those who remained stepped out upon the piazza and watched it; then began to bustle about for their own carriages. One after another they drove away. Mr. Kingo said to Mr. Sutler that he believed the will was in the hands of Mr. Budlong Dinks, and would be opened in the morning. They looked around the place, and remarked that Miss Wayne would probably become its mistress.

"Mrs. Alfred Dinks seems to be a very—a very—" said Mr. Kingo, gravely, pausing upon the last word.

"Very much so, indeed," replied Mr. Sutler, with equal gravity.

"And yet," said Mr. Grabeau, "if it had been so ordered that young Mr. Dinks should marry his cousin, Miss Wayne, he would—that is, I suppose he would—," and he too hesitated.

"Undoubtedly," replied both the other gentlemen, seriously, "without question it would have been a very good thing. Mr. Burt must have left a very large property."

"He made every cent tell," said Mr. Sutler, taking the reins and stepping into his carriage.

"Rather—rather—a screw, perhaps?" inquired Mr. Grabeau, gravely, as he took out his whip.

"Awful!" replied Mr. Kingo, as he drove away.

The last carriage went, and the stately old mansion stood behind its trees deserted. The casket and its contents had been borne away forever, but somebody had opened all the windows of the house, and June, with its song, and perfume, and sunshine, overflowed the silent chambers and banished the smell of the varnish and every thought of death.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE HEIRESS.

THE next morning it was hard to believe in the spectacle of the preceding day. The house of Pinewood was pleasantly open to the sun and air. Hope Wayne, in a black dress of the lightest possible texture, so thin that her arms could be seen through the sleeves, sat by a window. Lawrence Newt sat beside her. Dr. Peewee was talking with Mrs. Dinks. Her son Alfred was sitting alone in a chair, looking at his mother, and Mrs. Fanny Newt Dinks was looking out at a window upon the lawn. Mrs. Simcoe sat near Hope Wayne. There was a table in the middle of the room, from which every thing had been removed. The Honorable Budlong Dinks was walking slowly up and down the room; and several legal-looking gentlemen, friends of his, were conversing and smiling among themselves.

Mr. Dinks stopped in his walk, and leaning upon the table with the tips of two fingers and the thumb of his left hand, he thrust the right hand into his waistcoat, by the side of the ruffle of his shirt, as if he were about to address the house upon a very weighty question.

"In accordance," said he, with an air of respect and resignation, "with the wishes of the late Christopher Burt, as expressed in a paper found in his secretary drawer after his decease, I am about to open his will."

The Honorable Mr. Dinks cleared his throat. Mrs. Fanny Newt Dinks turned back from the window, and conversation ceased. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker, who became more pigeon-breasted every moment. He took out his glasses and placed them upon his nose, and slowly surveyed the company. He then drew a sealed paper from his pocket, clearing his throat with great dignity as he did so:

"This is the document," said he, again glancing about the room. At this point Hiram stepped gently in, and stood by the door.

Mr. Dinks proceeded to break the seal as if it had been sacramental bread, and with occasional looks at the groups around him, opened it—shook it—creased it back—smoothed it—and held it carefully in the attitude of reading.

When the audience had been sufficiently impressed with this ceremony, and with a proper conviction of the fact that he had been selected to reveal the contents of that important paper to mankind, he began, and read that, being of sound mind and body, etc., etc., Christopher Burt, etc., etc., as an humble Christian, and loving the old forms, gave his body to the ground, his soul to his God, in the hope of a happy resurrection, etc., etc.; and devised and bequeathed his property, etc. etc., in the manner following, to wit: that is to say:

At this point Mr. Dinks paused and blew his nose with profound gravity. He proceeded:

"*First.* I give to my housekeeper, Jane Simcoe, the friend of my darling daughter Mary, and the life-long friend and guardian of my dear grand-daughter, Hope Wayne, one thousand dollars per annum, as hereinafter specified."

Mrs. Simcoe's face did not change; nobody moved except Alfred Dinks, who changed the position of his legs, and thought within himself—"By Jove!"

"*Second.* I give to Almira Dinks, the daughter of my brother Jonathan Burt, and the wife of Budlong Dinks, of Boston, the sum of five thousand dollars."

The voice of Mr. Dinks faltered. His wife half rose and sat down again; her face of a dark, mahogany color. Fanny Newt sat perfectly still and looked narrowly at her father-in-law, but very black and dangerous. Alfred had an air of troubled consternation, as if something fearful were about to happen. The whole company were disturbed. They seemed to be in an electrical condition of apprehension like the air before a thunder-burst.

Mr. Dinks continued:

"*Third.* I give to Alfred Dinks, my grand-nephew, my silver shoe-buckles, which belonged to his great-grandfather Burt."

"*Fourth.* And all the other estate, real and personal, of which I may die seized, I give, devise, and bequeath, to Budlong Dinks, Timothy Kingo, and Selah Sutler, in trust, nevertheless, and for the sole use, behoof, and benefit of my dearly beloved grand-daughter, Hope Wayne."

Mr. Dinks stopped. There were some papers annexed, containing directions for collecting the annuity to be paid to Mrs. Simcoe, and a schedule of the property. The Honorable B. Dinks looked hastily at the schedule.

"Miss Wayne's property will be at least a million of dollars," said he, in a formal voice.

There were a few moments of utter silence. Even the legal gentlemen ceased buzzing; but presently the forefinger of one of them was laid in the palm of his other hand, and as he stated his proposition a light conversation began again.

Mrs. Fanny Dinks Newt seemed to have been smitten. She sat crushed up, as it were, biting her nails nervously; her brow wrinkled incredulously, and glaring at her father-in-law, as he folded the paper. Her face grew altogether as black as her hair and her eyes; as if she might discharge a frightful flash and burst of tempest if she were touched, or spoken to, or even looked at.

But Mrs. Dinks the elder did look at her, not at all with an air of sullen triumph, but, on the contrary, with a singularly inquisitive glance of apprehension and alarm, as if she felt that the petty trial of wits between them was insignificant compared with the chances of Alfred's happiness. In one moment it flashed upon her mind that the consequences of this will to her Alfred—to her son whom she loved—would be overwhelming. Good Heavens! she turned pale as she thought of him and Fanny together.

The young man had merely muttered "By Jove, that's too d—— bad!" and flung himself out of the room.

His wife did not observe that her mother-in-law was regarding her; she did not see that her husband had left the room; she thought of no contest of wits, of no game she had won or lost. She thought only of the tragical mistake she had made; the dull, blundering crime she had committed; and still bowed over, and gnawing her nails, she looked sideways with her hard, round, black eyes, at Hope Wayne.

The heiress sat quietly by the side of her friend Lawrence Newt. She was holding the hand of Mrs. Simcoe, who glanced sometimes at Lawrence, calmly, and with no sign of regretful or revengeful remembrance. The Honorable Budlong Dinks was walking up and down the room, stroking his chin with his hand, not without a curiously vague indignation with the late lamented proprietor of Pinewood.

There was something strange in the spectacle. A room full of living men and women who had just heard what some of them considered their doom pronounced by a dead man. They had carried him out of his house, cold, powerless, screwed into the casket. They had laid him in the ground beneath the village spire, and yet it was his word that troubled, enraged, disappointed, surprised, and envenomed them. Beyond their gratitude, reproaches, taunts, or fury, he lay helpless and dumb—to them the most terrible and inaccessible of despots.

The conversation was cool and indifferent. The legal gentlemen moved about with a professional and indifferent air, as if they assisted at such an occasion as medical students at dissections. It was in the way of business. As Mr. Quiddy, the confidential counsel of the late lamented Mr. Burt, looked at Mrs. Alfred

READING THE WILL.

Dinks, he remarked to Mr. Baze, a younger member of the bar, anxious to appear well in the eyes of Quiddy, that it was a pity the friends of deceased parties permitted their feelings to overpower them upon these occasions. Saying which, Mr. Quiddy waved his forefinger in the air, while Mr. Baze, in a deferential manner and tone, answered, Certainly; it was a final thing. There was no getting round a will drawn as that will was—here a slight bow to Mr. Quiddy, who had drawn the will, was interpolated, and if people didn't like what they got, they had better grin and bear it. Mr. Quiddy further remarked, with the forefinger still wandering in the air as if restlessly seeking for some argument to point, that the silver shoe-buckles which had so long been identified with the quaint costume of Mr. Burt would be a very pretty and interesting heir-loom in the family of young Mr. Dinks.

Upon which the eminent confidential counsel took snuff, and while he flirted the powder from his fingers looked at his young friend Baze.

Young Mr. Baze said, "Very interesting!" and continued the attitude of listening for further wisdom from his superior.

Lawrence Newt meanwhile had narrowly watched his niece Fanny. Nobody else cared to approach her; but he went over to her, presently.

"Well, Fanny."

"Well, Uncle Lawrence."

"Beautiful place, Fanny."

"Is it?"

"So peaceful after the city."

"I prefer town."

"Fanny!"

"Uncle Lawrence."

"What are you going to do?"

She had not looked at him before, but now she raised her eyes to his. She might as well have closed them. Dropping them, she looked upon the floor and said nothing.

"I'm sorry for you, Fanny."

She looked fierce. There was a snake-like stealthiness in her appearance which Alfred's mother saw across the room and trembled. Then she raised her eyes again to her uncle's, and said, with a kind of hissing sneer,

"Indeed, Uncle Lawrence, thank you for nothing. It's not very hard for you to be sorry."

Not dismayed, not even surprised by this speech, Lawrence was about to reply, but she struck in,

"No no. I don't want to hear it. I've been cheated, and I'll have my revenge. As for you, my respected uncle, you have played your cards better."

He was surprised and perplexed.

"Why, Fanny, what cards? What do you mean?"

"I mean that an old fox is a sly fox," said she, with the hissing sneer.

Lawrence looked at her in amazement.

"I mean that sly old foxes who have lined their own nests can afford to pity a young one who gets a silver shoe-buckle," hissed Fanny, with bitter malignity. "If Alfred Dinks were not a hopeless fool he'd break the will. Better wills than this have been broken by good lawyers before now. Probably," she added suddenly, with a sarcastic smile, "my dear uncle does not wish to have the will broken?"

Lawrence Newt was pondering what possible interest she thought he could have in the will.

"What difference could it make to me in any case, Fanny?"

"Only the difference of a million of dollars," said she, with her teeth set.

Gradually her meaning dawned upon Lawrence Newt. With a mingled pain and contempt and surprise, and a half-startled apprehension that others might have thought the same thing, and that all kinds of disagreeable consequences might flow from such misapprehension, he perceived what she was thinking of, and said, so suddenly and sharply that even Fanny started,

"You think I want to marry Hope Wayne?"

"Of course I do. So does every body else. Do you suppose we have not known of your intimacies? Do you think we have heard nothing of your meetings all winter with that artist and Amy Waring, and your reading poetry, and your talking poetry?" said Fanny, with infinite contempt.

There was a look of singular perplexity upon the face of Lawrence Newt. He was a man not often surprised, but he seemed to be surprised and even troubled now. He looked musingly across the room to Hope Wayne, who was sitting engaged in earnest conversation with Mrs. Simcoe. In her whole bearing and aspect there was that purity and kindliness which are always associated with blue eyes and golden hair, and which made the painters paint the angels as fair women. A lambent light played all over her form, and to Lawrence Newt's eyes she had never seemed so beautiful. The girlish quiet which he had first known in her had melted into a sweet composure—a dignified serenity which comes only with experience. The light wind that blew in at the window by which she sat raised her hair gently, as if invisible fingers were touching her with airy benedictions. Was it so strange that such a woman should be loved? Was it not strange that any man should see much of her, be a great deal with her, and not love her? Was Fanny's suspicion, was the world's gossip, unnatural?

He asked himself these questions as he looked at her, while a cloud of thoughts and memories floated through his mind.

The cloud closed around him more and more nearly. His eyes were those of a man who sees other sights than are seen by those around him.

They rested upon the lovely girl as if he looked through her at something which she was not, but only suggested—as a man looks at a flower and thinks of the fairer flower that gave it to him. Slowly over his face stole the light of a tender remembrance, and his eyes half closed as if the communication with the past were complete.

Yet a close observer, who could have read men's hearts in their faces—and that was easier with every one else than with him—would have seen another expression gradually supplanting the first, or mingling with it, rather: a look as of joy at some unexpected discovery—as if, for instance, he had said to himself, "She must be very dear whom I love so deeply that it has not occurred to me I could love this angel!"

Something of that kind, perhaps; at least, something that brought a transfigured cheerfulness into his face.

"Believe me, Fanny," he said, at length, "I am not anxious to marry Miss Wayne, nor would she marry me if I asked her."

Then he rose and passed across the room to her side.

"We were talking about the future life of the mistress of this mansion," said Hope Wayne to Lawrence as he joined them.

"What does she wish?" asked he; "that is always the first question."

"To go from here," said she, simply.

"Forever?"

"Forever!"

Hope Wayne said it quietly. Mrs. Simcoe sat holding her hand. The three seemed to be all a little serious at the word.

"Aunty says she has no particular desire to remain here," said Hope.

"It is like living in a tomb," said Mrs. Simcoe, turning her calm face to Lawrence Newt.

"Would you sell it outright?" asked he. Hope Wayne bent her head in assent.

"Why not? My own remembrances here are only gloomy. I should rather find or make another home. We could do it, Aunty and I."

She said it simply. Lawrence shook his head, smilingly, and replied,

"I don't think it would be hard."

"I am going to see my trustees this morning, Uncle Dinks says," continued Hope, "and I shall propose to them to sell immediately."

"Where will you go?" asked Lawrence.

"My best friends are in New York," replied she, with a tender color.

Lawrence Newt thought of Arthur Merlin.

"With my aunty," continued she, looking fondly at Mrs. Simcoe, "I think I need not be afraid."

The heiress, it seemed, understood herself. The girl that only a few months before had lain dreaming upon the lawn and under the trees was a woman now, with a woman's thought and purpose. Lawrence Newt was no more troubled by her determination than he would have been by that of Una.

Lunch was brought in; and meanwhile Mr. Kingo and Mr. Sutler had been sent for, and arrived. Mr. Burt had not apprised them of his intention of making them trustees.

They were solid, honest men, his neighbors; and Mr. Burt was very shrewd.

They fell into conversation with Mr. Quiddy and Mr. Baze and Mr. Dinks. Dr. Peewee took his leave, "H'm ha! yes. My dear Miss Wayne, I congratulate you; congratulate you! h'm ha, yes, oh yes; congratulate you." The other legal gentlemen, friends of Mr. Dinks, drove off. Nobody was left behind but the trustees and the family and Lawrence Newt—the Dinks were of the family.

After business had been discussed, and the heiress—the owner of Pinewood—had announced her wishes in regard to that property, she also invited the company to remain to dinner, and to divert themselves as they chose meanwhile.

Mrs. Fanny Newt Dinks declined to stay. She called her husband to call their carriage, and when it came to the door she made a formal courtesy, and did not observe—at least she did not take—the offered hand of Hope Wayne. But as she bowed and looked at Hope that young lady visibly changed color, for in the glance which Fanny gave her she seemed to see the face of her brother Abel—and she was not glad to see it.

Toward sunset of that soft June day, when Uncle and Aunt Dinks—the latter humiliated and alarmed—were gone, and the honest neighbors were gone, Hope Wayne was sitting upon the very bench where, as she once sat reading, Abel Newt had thrown a shadow upon her book. There was only one eye which could see that now not even the memory of that hour or that youth threw a shadow upon her heart or life. The eyes with which she watched the setting sun were as free from sorrow as they were from guile.

Lawrence Newt was standing near the window in the library, looking up at the portrait that hung there, and deep into the soft, dark eyes. He had a trustful, candid air, as if he were seeking from it a benediction or consolation. As the long sunset light swept across the room, and touched tenderly the tender girl's face of the portrait, it seemed to him to smile tranquilly and trustingly, as if it understood and answered his confidence, so that a deep peace fell upon his heart.

And high above, from her window that looked westward—with a clearer, softer gaze, as if Time had cleared and softened the doubts and obscurities of life—Mrs. Simcoe's face was turned to the setting sun.

Behind the distant dark-blue hills the June sun set—set upon three hearts at least that Time and Life had taught and tempered—upon three hearts that were brought together, then and there, not altogether understanding each other, but ready and willing to understand. As it darkened within the library and the picture was hidden, Lawrence Newt stood at the window and looked upon the lawn where Hope was sitting. He heard a murmuring voice above him, and in the clear, silent air Hope heard it too. It was only a murmur mingling with the whisper of the pine-trees. But Hope knew what it was, though she could not hear the words. And yet the words were heard:

"I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let Thee go;
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know."

LITERARY.

THE London *Publishers' Circular* of August 15, referring to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' late announcements, says: "Several new books from our leading authors, especially in fiction, are announced in Boston, United States, for which we hear, on reference to the authors, there is no authority, and they hear of the promised books for the first time: but for this we should hail with pleasure the announcement in the papers by this mail of 'a new novel by Mrs. Gaskell.'"

JABEZ BUNTING, Doctor of Divinity in the noblest sense—teacher of things divine—has left a name to live long after his old worn body shall be dust of the English dust he so long and so wearily traveled over in his work as a Methodist preacher. He often forbade that his biography should be written; but when approaching his last day he withdrew the prohibition, and his son has executed the directions he left, and produced the first issue, one volume, of a life of his father. Harper & Brothers publish it.

We have had frequent occasion of late to congratulate ourselves on the publication of works of Methodist history and biography. They form most valuable, readable, we may add, startling and exciting histories. They are the stories of a new era in religion, almost a new Reformation in the churches. Eminently true is it of this book that it is a history of the discovery and progress of the religion of the heart; an active religion; a religion in which every man and woman and child had a part and lot. It is the story of the introduction into England of a new life for rich and poor; a new light on the pages of the Bible; a new hope in life and death. We commend the book to every one as one of the choice biographies of the day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW DISPUTE WITH ENGLAND.

WE read in the Washington dispatch of the *Tribune*: "The points of the controversy between us and Great Britain, so far as General Harney's course in Oregon is concerned, are stated in a trust-worthy quarter as follows: That the island of San Juan, east of the old recognized channel of Haro, has been occupied as a sort of common ground by Americans, and by a party of the British Hudson's Bay Company, which Company has now no legal existence. That some difference has arisen between the above-named parties, and that, at the request of the Americans, General Harney has interposed, with a small number of troops, to decide a matter that properly pertains to the jurisdiction of the British and American Commissioners now on the ground, or near it, who are charged with the duty of running the boundary line. It is not supposed that any thing like hostilities will grow out of this affair. But it seems that we now have assumed the strong position usually taken by the British: we have occupied a territory in dispute as a preliminary to negotiations."

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE CASE.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs from Washington on September 9:

"General Harney sent troops to San Juan to protect the white settlers from the savages, who were committing most atrocious murders. Nothing inimical to the British Government was intended by such a movement. The jealousy of Governor Douglas was needlessly excited.

"No collision with the British troops or subjects is apprehended by the Government. The President was Secretary of State when the boundary treaty was negotiated under President Polk, and is perfectly familiar with all the circumstances attending it. He and Robert J. Walker were the only members of Mr. Polk's Cabinet who opposed the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary. They adhered to fifty-four degrees and forty minutes as our just limits.

"No doubt need be entertained that the title to San Juan will be amicably adjusted, as the President must be perfectly aware of our rights, and will ask for nothing more. The long connection of Governor Douglas with the Hudson Bay Company, doubtless causes him to view all the country in that vicinity as under the jurisdiction and protection of the British Government, at least, if not actually the property of the Company, and his interests may have rendered him excitable in temper and precipitate in action.

"The Cabinet was in session to-day on the whole subject, and the tenor of the instructions to General Harney, as stated yesterday, will be of the most temperate and conciliatory character."

A GREAT SPEECH BY DOUGLAS.

Senator Douglas addressed the citizens of Columbus, Ohio, last week, on Slavery in the Territories and the Fugitive Slave Law. Senator Douglas says that the Republicans in 1856 claimed for Congress the power to prohibit Slavery in the Territories, while the Democrats are pledged to the contrary doctrine of non-intervention by Congress and popular sovereignty in the Territories. New Mexico and Kansas, he says, by their legislative acts, present cases which will put the advocates of these opposing principles, both North and South, to the test—New Mexico having passed laws to protect Slavery, while Kansas has passed laws to exclude it from her territory. The Republicans are, therefore, pledged to exclude Slavery from New Mexico, while the other side are pledged to protect Slavery in Kansas. The only course for democracy, therefore, is to adopt the principle of Popular Sovereignty, and permit each Territory to do as it pleases. This is the substance of his speech in relation to Territorial Sovereignty; and in relation to the surrender of fugitive slaves, he insists that it is a duty imposed by the Constitution, and that every good citizen must be faithful to that constitutional obligation.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

The Republican State Convention met at Syracuse last week, pursuant to previous announcement, and after the usual preliminary proceedings, nominated the following candidates for State officers: *Secretary of State*—Elias W. Leavenworth, of Onendaga; *Controller*—Robert Denniston, of Orange; *Attorney-General*—Charles G. Meyers, of St. Lawrence; *State Engineer*—Orville W. Story, of Alleghany; *Treasurer*—Philip Dorsheimer, of Erie; *Canal Commissioner*—O. N. Chapin, of Albany; *State Prison Inspector*—David P. Forest, of Schenectady; *Judge of Appeals*—Henry E. Davies, of New York.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS.

We hear by telegraph from Boston, Friday, September 9, 1859:

"Major-General Wool arrived at Camp Massachusetts last evening, where he was received by the Commander-in-chief, and partook of supper at head-quarters. A large number of distinguished guests were present, including many ladies. A monster concert, by eighteen bands of music, accompanied by artillery, took place in the evening.

"This morning, both branches of the Legislature, escorted by the ancient and honorable Artillery Company, left for the camp. The grand review takes place to-day, and the tents will be struck at 3 P.M. To-morrow, the second brigade will be reviewed on Boston Common by the Governor and staff.

"The three days' encampment of the State Militia broke up this afternoon, and many of the troops left for home. Among the most imposing features of to-day's proceedings was a review of the entire force by the Governor and Legislature, attended by General Wool and other distinguished guests. The column occupied one hour in passing. The troops subsequently formed in hollow square, when the Governor introduced General Wool, who was received with nine cheers and a salute of artillery. Brief speeches were made by Governor Banks, General Wool, and Mr. Phelps, President of the Senate, after which a collation was partaken of at head-quarters. The weather has been delightful, and excellent discipline and health have been maintained at the encampment—a success even beyound the most sanguine hopes of its originators and warmest advocates."

ANOTHER TRANSATLANTIC BALLOON.

While many persons have been disputing the question as to who is entitled to the credit of starting the idea of an aerial voyage across the ocean, parties have been very quietly at work in this city making preparations for the voyage. Professor T. S. C. Lowe, an experienced aeronaut, has been engaged since last March, and has now completed the construction of a balloon for the purpose of crossing over to Europe. Over six thousand yards of the best material have been used, and seventeen sewing machines have been employed on the work, and it is estimated have done the work that would have required two hundred girls to perform in the same time. The aeronaut does not claim to have invented any new system of ballooning, but he has been enabled by the assistance of friends to construct a machine in which he is determined to test the practicability of a transatlantic voyage. The entire height of the balloon, from the bottom of the boat to the top is 240 feet, and its diameter 132 feet. The boat is a life-boat, 45 feet in length, 8 feet beam and 4 feet deep, and will contain a caloric engine for the purpose of working a propeller on the screw principle. The size of the car or basket is 30 feet in circumference. It is calculated that the propeller, which is placed in the bow of the boat, will enable the aeronaut to raise or lower the balloon at pleasure, and to keep steerage-way on it. The balloon will contain about 700,000 cubic feet of gas, and will weigh, with the car, boat, and their contents, about three tons, and will possess a lifting power of 22½ tons. It is expected to make the voyage to Europe in two days. Some $25,000 have been expended on the enterprise.

It is contemplated to start about the beginning of October; and some five or six passengers will be taken, with mails and files of the latest newspapers.

HOW THE "GREAT EASTERN" WILL BE RECEIVED.

We read in the Portland *Advertiser*: "We learn that the following is to be the arrangement at the Grand Trunk wharves for the accommodation of visitors to the *Great Eastern*:

"The wharves built by the city and the Grand Trunk for her accommodation are located near Fish Point, the western terminus of the Peninsula upon which Portland is situated, and they were so located, that being the nearest point to the deep water of our outer harbor, where there is from six to eight fathoms at low water, and nine feet more at high water.

"The harbor line of the shore between Fish Point and the dépôt was originally concave, so that it became necessary to fill up a road bed for the track of the railroad; for a portion of the way the land belongs to other parties than the railroad, and has not been filled in, hence there would not be room enough to accommodate the large number of persons who would pass and repass over this track, unless at great danger of life and limb.

"At the suggestion of the City Government, the Grand Trunk have agreed to build a substantial bridge, twenty feet wide, upon the bank on Munjoy Hill, opposite their lower wharf to the wharf by which visitors can pass to the steamer, twenty feet above the track of the railroad. Access to this bridge will be from the Eastern Promenade; the city proposing to make two streets from the promenade to the bridge, so that carriages can pass down one of these streets to the entrance of the bridge and up the other.

"The ample width of the promenade and the vacant land adjoining will afford good accommodation for eight to ten thousand spectators, who can here look down upon the steamer's deck at high water, embracing at the same time a panoramic view of our harbor and a part of the three hundred isles of Casco Cay.

"To prevent a repetition of the sad accident of last week, by which a life was lost—though not by any fault of the railroad employés—the Grand Trunk will place a fence across their track so as to exclude all persons, except those having business with the steamer, admission for carts, etc., being had through a gate-way from Fore Street.

"An admission-fee to the steamer will be charged by her owners, and the bridge will be so constructed as to allow one flight of stairs from it to be used by those entering here, and another by those leaving."

UPRISING OF THE LAW-AND-ORDER PARTY AT BALTIMORE.

The town-meeting called by the two thousand merchants, mechanics, business and professional men of Baltimore, assembled on the 8th instant, at 4 o'clock, in Monument Square, to deliberate on and devise the means of rescuing the city from its present condition, and restoring the supremacy of law and order. The vast square was densely packed, and all the avenues leading thereto were thronged by masses of most orderly, respectable, and influential citizens. The meeting organized, on motion of Charles D. Hinks, by calling to the chair Wm. Woodward, of the well-known firm of Woodward & Co. A preamble and resolutions were read, setting forth, in clear and emphatic language, our social and political evils, condemning club rule, and proposing effective measures to insure a fair expression of the sentiments of the public at the ensuing election by protecting the purity of the ballot-box, and placing in nomination honest, capable, and fearless men, in opposition to the nominees of the political clubs. The resolutions provide for a committee to call on the Mayor and demand the appointment of trust-worthy men as judges at the next election, and the appointment of a special police force to keep the polls clear; they emphatically disavow party, and empower a special committee to nominate, irrespective of party, the most respectable and trust-worthy men for the officers shortly to be elected. The meeting was addressed by Mr. George Brown, a distinguished member of the bar; James Hodges, merchant, of the firm of Hodges Brothers, and George M. Gill, Esq. The speakers were received with shouts of approval.

Several efforts to interrupt the speakers by members of rowdy gangs were promptly suppressed. After the adjournment of the meeting, a body of rowdies calling themselves "Regulators" rushed upon the stand and attempted to harangue; but the police promptly arrested the ringleaders, and carried some fifteen to the lock-up amidst the loud plaudits of the people and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies crowding the windows of the hotels and private residences in the vicinity. Thus law and order have been fully vindicated, and a most determined opposition to rowdyism and lawlessness been established which has overawed the most turbulent disturbers of the peace.

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE.

A shocking catastrophe happened at Hoboken on Friday morning, between two and three o'clock. At that hour a fire was discovered in the Harmonia Hotel, in Hudson Street, between First and Second, which resulted in the loss of four lives by suffocation. There were seven persons in the hotel—the proprietors, Messrs. Boise and Knapp, and also Mr. Boise's wife and four

daughters. The fire broke out in the basement kitchen, and is supposed to have been burning for some time, as the heat throughout the building was intense. Mr. Knapp was the first one to discover the fire, having been kept awake by a sore hand. Mr. Boise and the next to the eldest daughter, sixteen years of age, attempted to escape from the third story, and their bodies were found on the landing outside. The two younger daughters were found suffocated in their bed. Mrs. Boise escaped on to the roof of the piazza, and from thence was rescued by the firemen. The oldest daughter jumped to the ground, spraining her ankle and receiving other injuries. In consequence of the heat and smoke nearly half an hour elapsed before the bodies were all removed. Dr. Charbert was present, and used every effort to resuscitate the bodies, but without success.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MERCHANT IN NEW YORK.

The *Times* has the following: "George Griswold, the oldest merchant in the city, and the head of one of the oldest mercantile firms in the country, died on Staten Island, on Monday afternoon, at the residence of his son-in-law, John C. Green, Esq. Mr. Griswold was the head of the house of N. L. & G. Griswold, which has been actively engaged in the Canton trade more than half a century. The exact age of Mr. Griswold, we believe, is not known, though he is supposed to have been about eighty-three. He was born in Connecticut, and commenced business in this city in partnership with his elder brother in 1794, and has for fifty years occupied a prominent position in our mercantile community. During all the revulsions and panics that have convulsed the mercantile world during that period his firm has never suffered in credit. He took an active part in the great enterprises of the country, not only in those of a commercial character, but in the religious and educational, and has been renowned for his integrity of character and boldness of enterprise. He was a man of remarkable personal presence, tall, erect, and large-framed, with a singularly black, piercing eye, and a stateliness of manner which had a striking effect on 'Change. He was the last of the race of mercantile magnates who laid the foundation of the commercial greatness of this city by their intelligent enterprise and integrity of purpose. He had been a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce for forty-two years, and that body will to-day assemble to pay some appropriate tribute to his memory. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church in University Place, Dr. Potts's, where his funeral will take place on Thursday at 10 o'clock A.M."

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, writing from Denver's Spring, North Carolina, tells of a Revolutionary soldier, named Henry, residing there, who was in the battle of King's Mountain:

"He is nearly ninety-five years old, and still reads without spectacles; he was a mere boy at the time of the battle, but stood his ground when Ferguson's troops charged with the bayonet, and in consequence had a thrust through the hand and into the thigh. His rifle, which he had just loaded, was discharged at the moment he received the thrust. This killed his antagonist, and after the British had retired up the mountain Mr. Henry was found lying by a log, with the musket hanging by its bayonet to his thigh. He afterward became a distinguished criminal lawyer, and is said to have defended more desperate criminal cases than any other man in the State. He has in manuscript an account of the battle prepared by himself, with the aid of Vance, another of the participators in that battle. He says that Sumter's original name was not the 'Game Cock,' but 'Tuck.' That he was so called by one Gilmore, who owned a blue hen famous for her game-chickens. That a celebrated fighter named 'Tuck' was one of this blue hen's chickens, and in compliment to Sumter's pluck Gilmore gave him the cognomen 'Tuck,' which was afterward changed into the 'Game Cock.'"

PERSONAL.

Colonel Samuel Green died in Hartford on Tuesday, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was publisher of the New London *Gazette* for more than forty years, taking the paper in 1793. It had previously been published by his father. For more than fifty years he issued the Connecticut *Register*, an annual publication. This also was commenced in 1785 by his father, Timothy Green. He belonged to a race of printers. His father came from Boston, where his father, Samuel Green, Jun., had been a printer. The latter learned the trade of his father, Samuel Green, who emigrated from England in 1630, and was one of the first to establish the business of type-sticking in this country.

The English correspondent of the *Southern Advocate* says: "Strange as it may appear, your American Barnum has made Mr. Punshon a serious offer of £2000 a year to accompany him to America, and give lectures under Barnum's direction and supervision. No one but Barnum would have the impudence to have made an approach to Mr. Punshon of such an unhallowed kind. Mr. Punshon's reply consisted simply in writing Acts, xiii. 10, and sending it to Mr. Barnum: 'O, full of subtilty and mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?'"

A Troy journal tells of Uncle Levin Livingston, an aged negro, and one of the oldest inhabitants of Niagara County, who entered his ninety-second year a week ago last Sabbath. Uncle Levin has been a slave, an abolitionist, and now is something else. He was a slave until he was forty years old, and on the death of a most excellent mistress he bid farewell to Delaware and five daughters, whom he was compelled to leave behind. A number of years since he placed six hundred dollars in the hands of a young abolition lecturer, who promised to bring his youngest daughter, aged fifty-one, out of bondage, either by stealing her from her master, or by fair purchase. The young man with whom Levin intrusted the money (to raise which his last cow, yoke of oxen, and eighteen sheep were sacrificed), on reaching Delaware, married a planter's daughter and pocketed the cash. Uncle Levin recollects distinctly several incidents of the Revolutionary war, or the "old Ebolution," as he terms it.

The sword worn by Sir John Inglis during the defense of Lucknow has been presented to King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Some time ago the sword worn by General Williams at the siege of Kars was also presented to the same institution.

The views of Professor M'Wherter with regard to the meaning of the word *Yahveh*, in the book of Genesis, have been adopted by Professor Umbreit of Heidelberg.

William Owney, of Southampton County, Virginia, died a few days since, aged 100 years and 5 months. He was engaged in the battle of Brandywine, and also at Petersburg, Virginia. The old soldier had never taken medicine in his life, and in his last illness positively refused to have it administered.

A company of Zouaves has been formed in New Orleans, their commander having served in one of the corps in the Crimea.

The Philadelphia *North American* learns by private advices that Mrs. Julia Gardelle, a noted teacher in the Quaker City, died suddenly in Beyrout in the early part of August. Mrs. G., accompanied by her husband and two young ladies, was engaged in an extensive tour in the East, and a short time previous to her decease had visited Petrea and other famous places of difficult access. For some years past she had employed long intervals in the duties of her school in foreign travel, and had penetrated to portions of the remote East seldom visited by European women. She started on her last journey more than a year ago, and at the time of her death was directing her steps homeward.

From late files of the Salt Lake Valley *Tan* we learn that M'Kenzie had been committed to await his trial before the Circuit Court on a charge of making and issuing counterfeit checks on the Sub-Treasury, circumstances placing the matter out of the jurisdiction of the Court-martial. Delos Gibson had been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Letters from the French Minister report his health still feeble. He is at a watering-place at Lorraine, and expects to return to this country.

The North Church and Society of Hartford have presented to their late pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, $10,000 as a provision for himself and his family. He acknowledges it in a grateful and touching letter.

The wife of Sherman Booth, of Milwaukie, recently tried there for the seduction of a girl of fifteen, has commenced an action for divorce. The parties are on good terms notwithstanding, reside in the same house, and walk out together, arm in arm.

A great number of artists are in and about Gorham, New Hampshire, this summer. In Gorham are Movillier and Bailey, of Boston; Hart, of New York; and Brown and Beckett, of Portland. In Shelburn, Wheelock and Griggs, of Boston; Gifford and Boughton, of New York. At Bethel are Shuttuck and Coleman, of New York; while at Berlin Falls is C. W. Way, of Montreal.

The following are the names and ages of the Revolutionary soldiers supposed to be alive, who are pensioned on the rolls of the State of Virginia: William Cunningham, 95 years; George Estes, 96½; Daniel Hicks, Sen., over 97; William Oney, 98½; Peter Rife, 97; William Stewart, 98; Matthew Seay, 96; Henry Willoughby, 100.

A letter from Utah states that the Mormons have nominated Horace S. Eldridge for delegate to Congress, in place of Bernhisel, present member.

The Brazilian Minister, A. P. Carvalho Borges, visited Baltimore on Wednesday last and spent the day in company with one of the citizens in examining the operations of several of the mechanical establishments.

The London *Post* announced that Mr. Choate had reached Liverpool in safety, and accompanied the statement with a memoir of the distinguished American. Knowing that he was expected, and seeing the arrival of the steamship on which he was known to have secured passage, the *Post* came to the conclusion that it might get ahead of its contemporaries by introducing so eminent a man to the British public. The London *Times* calls Mr. Choate a former Attorney-General of the United States, although he never held such an office.

A firm in Philadelphia have manufactured a splendid sewing machine to be presented to the Empress Eugénie, which is thus described: Upon a silver base is embossed in elaborate elegance the escutcheon of the Empire, while the whole rests upon four silver lions, over which an eagle is perched. The names of Napoleon's generals and victories appear upon one side of the base, and at the end, upon a square, a statue of the great Napoleon is standing. This is done in enameled work, and is a gem in its line. At the side of this figure the goddess of Industry is seen, and over both a spread eagle is flying, which, bending forward, forms the vibrating arm of the machine, the needle being in the beak of the royal bird. The plate of the machine is of highly polished steel, supported by four angels of silver with wings of gold, and in the front of the case is the inscription. The case and table of the machine are to be made of wood from Mount Vernon.

A dinner was given to Mrs. Stowe previously to her departure for Europe, at the Revere House, Boston, by the Atlantic Club, we believe. She accepted the invitation on condition that wine should be prohibited. Professor Stowe, Miss P——, and Mr. J. G. Whittier were also of the party. The table was innocent of wine until the invited guests had departed.

C. Edwards, Esq., editor of the Marengo (Iowa) *Visitor*, was recently drowned while bathing in the Iowa River at that place. He had his little son on his back, when he is supposed to have been seized with a cramp, and sank to rise no more. The child was saved.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington was closed on Tuesday in token of the death of the Hon. Richard Rush, a member of the Board of Regents. Mr. Rush, it may be remembered by some, was appointed by Government as its agent, and sent to England to make arrangements for the transfer of the property left by Smithson from one side of the ocean to the other—an affair he carried out with his usual sagacity and prudence.

The Hon. Jefferson Davis is lying very ill at Clifton, a point on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. His condition is said to be dangerous. His family is with him.

Professor Stowe and Mrs. H. B. Stowe sailed for Europe on Wednesday in the *Africa*. Mrs. Stowe will spend a year in traveling. Her twin-daughters are at Paris, and her son Frederick sailed last Saturday in company with Mr. Scoville of Andover, the two intending to make a pedestrian tour in Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ONCE MORE.

THE Atlantic Telegraph Company recently deputed Mr. F. C. Webb, an engineer of considerable experience in testing and experimenting on telegraph cables, to proceed to Valentia and examine the present state of the Atlantic Cable, and his report is published in the English papers. After detailing the scientific results of his experience, he concludes as follows:

"I am of the opinion that a serious fault exists about 263 statute miles from Valentia, measured along the cable, and that the cable between that spot and this shore is comparatively perfect. Tests from here can not now decide whether the cable is mechanically severed, and all attempts to detect the reception of the most intense currents from the opposite shore have long since proved fruitless. Still, from various circumstances attendant on the decline of the insulation, there is every reason to believe that the continuity, both of the cable and the conductor, is perfect. Whether any other faults exist beyond the one alluded to it is impossible to ascertain by tests from Valentia; and the fact that the signals received at Valentia were always better than those received at Newfoundland, proves, undoubtedly, that the worst insulation has always been near Valentia. Therefore it seems probable that if the fault which exists on this coast, which very likely forms the principal cause of leakage, could be removed, the insulation would be so far improved as to render the cable again available for signaling, provided the fault, which is said by those who have tested from Newfoundland, to exist near Trinity Bay, was repaired."

A GREAT RACE.

Much interest had been evinced at Liverpool on a trot which came off near that place, in which several celebrated American horses, including Jack Rossiter, Mountain Bay, and Dreadnought, were engaged. The race was won easily by an English horse named Daw, in two three-mile heats, much to the surprise and joy of the assembled crowd, it being considered certain that the American horses would win. A large number of Americans were on the course. The American horses obtained second, third, and fourth places in a field of seven horses.

Mr. Ten Broeck's American two-year-old colt, Umpire, has won two more races at Stockton, and is the prominent favorite for next year's Derby.

REPORTED SUICIDE IN ENGLAND.

It is reported that Mr. Hersey Stowell, Jun., of the firm of Slocum, Stowell, & Co., importers, of No. 35 Park Place, New York, committed suicide at Manchester on the 22d ult., by hanging himself.

FRANCE.

NEW DISPOSITION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Commands have been distributed to the Marshals at the head of the Army of Italy. MacMahon is appointed to command at Lille, where a large body of troops is concentrating. Canrobert, Castellane, and Baraguay d'Hilliers return to their former commands at Nancy, Lyons, and Tours. Niel replaces Bosquet at Toulouse. Magnan retains his post as Commander-in-chief of the Army of Paris.

The *Moniteur*, in announcing these nominations, says that the augmentation of these commands is in order to form a more equal division of the military force of the empire. A general impression prevailed that MacMahon's appointment to Lille was in reply to the projected fortifications of Antwerp.

The *Constitutionnel*, in a semi-official notice, says the reduction of the French army will take place immediately after the arrival of the *corps d'armée* from Italy at their respective garrisons.

JOHN BULL'S LAST MARE'S NEST.

The London *Advertiser* gives the following curious news in its Paris correspondence:

"Engineers have been sent to Cologne to survey the whole line of coast thence to Calais, that they may fix on a spot for the formation of a sea-port sufficiently spacious to contain a fleet of fifty transports, and the Minister of Marine had notified his subalterns that fifty transports, each capable of containing 2000 men, must be ready and waiting on the coast opposite Dover, by the commencement of the ensuing year."

The writer says that this statement reposes on excellent authority, and that full confirmation of its authenticity has been telegraphed to the English Government. He throws out the conjecture that the French altercation with Belgium will supply a pretext for a rupture with England. This story was of course regarded as a ridiculous canard.

PROTEST FROM VICTOR HUGO.

M. Victor Hugo has issued the following declaration:

"No one will heed me when I give, so far as it concerns myself, a moment's attention to the thing called amnesty.

"In the position that France finds herself, absolute, inflexible, eternal protestation is my duty.

"Faithful to the vow that I have made with my conscience, I will share to the end the banishment of liberty. When liberty has returned I will return.

"VICTOR HUGO.

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, GUERNSEY, *August* 18, 1859."

A WOUNDED OFFICER.

All the accounts of the "return of the legions" spoke of a handsome young officer with both his arms tightly bound in white linen ligatures, whose appearance excited universal sympathy, and attracted the particular notice of the Emperor. It appears that on reaching the Rue Castiglione, from the Place Vendôme, he fainted away. The son of the Finance Minister, who, from the window of an adjoining hotel saw the officer stagger and fall, instantly sent down an arm-chair, for which the crowd made way, and the wounded man was carried up stairs and well taken care of. He is a sub-lieutenant of the 91st, who but recently left the school of St. Cyr. It is stated in a report of the battle of Solferino that, having his left arm broken by a Biscaien, he was sitting down at the foot of a tree in the rear of his regiment, waiting to have his wound dressed, when a shower of bullets and grape-shot, proceeding from a cross-fire between the French and Austrians, fell around him, broke his other arm, and struck his legs in several places. His head and body escaped by a miracle.

AN ABBE IN TROUBLE.

A letter from Paris says: "The Abbé Magnat, who had grown an immense favorite with the ladies, had been for several years editor and principal contributor to a charming publication, the *Parterre des Dames et des Demoiselles*, a journal of fashion, literature, and the fine arts. This journal breathed a gentle odor of charity and virtue. M. l'Abbé read over every article before sending it to press. He suffered no exaggerated, 'loud,' or lorettish toilet to be offered to his subscribers. His *Parterre* was composed entirely of roses and of lilies; nothing thorny, not even sweet-brier, was to be found there. How wonderful, that the Abbé should be accused of fraudulent bankruptcy, swindling, and all sorts of immoral practices! What is worse, he was not alone in his depredations, but was aided by a lady—a great lady, all crinoline and scarlet ribbons—who appeared before the Tribunal, not as the collaborateur nor the sister—nor the wife, of course—nor the mother, nor the aunt of the good Abbé—but occupying a place in the honest Abbé's affections nearer and more precious than any. The Tribunal, who is rough and rude, who evidently wants to read a few numbers of the chaste *Parterre*, called it bluntly by a name unpolite, and the Abbé, who is a little deaf, being obliged to lean across the bar and inquire the name thus uttered, caused immense laughter—when his shocked gaze expressed the horror he felt at having suffered any thing so liable to be so designated to approach him for so many years. The Abbé's crime was fully proved. Five years' imprisonment was the reward, while she of the uncourteous style and title was sent to gather the fruits produced by the flowers of the *Parterre* at St. Lazare."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

A letter from St. Sauveur says: "The Emperor and Empress will arrive at Tarbes on the 18th. Their Majesties will sleep at the chateau of M. Fould, and will take their first bath at St. Sauveur in the morning of the 19th. They are to take in all eighteen baths, one per day. At present masons, carpenters, and gardeners are employed in and about the bath-house; and amidst the confusion and noise they create, the bathers have to manage as well as they can. Two bath-rooms have been constructed—one for the Emperor, the other for the Empress. They are elegantly fitted up, and the baths in them, like those of the other bathers, are of gray marble. The Emperor and Empress, and their suites, are to occupy three houses, situate at one of the extremities of the village, which consists of only one street. The furniture for the three houses has been brought from the palace at Pau. Sixty infantry and ten cavalry soldiers of the Guard are to be in attendance on their Majesties. It is by direction of Dr. Rayer that the Emperor and Empress are going to pass their short season at St. Sauveur."

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

A Paris letter says: "The announcement made in the *Ateliers* of Paris of the discovery of a new motive power, which, upon experiment, has been found to be entirely successful, has created a great sensation. The discovery has been made by a young workman named Jacob, a turner in copper, and was the result of an accident. While seeking to increase the power of his turning-lathe a new means of power was suddenly revealed to him, whereby he has been able alone, without assistance, to construct a machine which increases two hundred-fold the labor of one man, and may be increased to an unlimited extent. The inventor, who has hitherto worked *au atlee*, at Escarbotls, has been, of course, sent for to Paris, and has already nearly completed a machine applicable to every species of industry. If success should attend the experiment—for which, it is understood, one of the great industrial capitalists furnishes the money—the discovery will put an end to all steam power, and every other expensive action; and the result is waited for with the greatest anxiety in the manufacturing world. Already have the proprietors of the spinning works at Schaffhausen been induced to come to Paris in order to hear the first news of the success or failure of the trial."

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

The *Moniteur des Arts* says: "A romantic marriage has just taken place. At the Théâtre du Palais Royal, about a year ago, was a young actress only seventeen years of age, and remarkably handsome; but in spite of her youth and beauty her success was not great. A wealthy Moldavian, who had shortly before lost his wife, and who had come to Paris to dissipate his sorrow, saw her, and was exceedingly struck to find that she exactly resembled the dear departed. He returned several times to the theatre, and became fascinated with her. At length he sought out her parents, requested permission to become a suitor for her hand, and was accepted; and a few days back, by lawful marriage, he gave her his name and fortune, the latter consisting of 60,000 francs a year. The Moldavian is named Sterian; the young lady is daughter of M. Panier, responsible editor of the *Charivari*."

NO MORE BONNETS.

A new fancy which has seized upon Parisian belles, says the *Court Journal*, is the crusade against bonnets, and which, it is said, the Empress is quite willing to join. Two ladies of the highest fashion are already to be seen daily driving in the Bois with no other coiffure than a lace vail of square form thrown over the hair, which is full-dressed, and ornamented with bows of ribbons.

SWITZERLAND.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

A Bern telegram of the 24th says that, according to intelligence from Zurich, the French and Austrian Plenipotentiaries had regulated a settlement of the affairs of Lombardy, with the consent of the Sardinian Plenipotentiary, and that the arrangement is expected to be confirmed by the different sovereigns. The affairs of the Duchies are to be treated of directly between the Courts of Paris and Vienna.

The French and Sardinian Representatives were in consultation on the 24th. Count Colloredo, the Austrian Representative, had a slight attack of apoplexy the same day.

The impression prevailed that the conference would be successfully concluded early in September.

Austria is said to have modified her instructions to her Representatives.

There were constant arrivals at and departures from Zurich of couriers.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF REORGANIZATION.

The object of the defensive league between the Provisional Governments of Tuscany and Bologna and the Dictator of Modena is stated to be to prevent a restoration of the fallen Governments, maintain internal order, and to lay down the basis of an assimilation in institutions. Garibaldi had reviewed the army of Modena.

Farina had issued a decree enacting that, from the 1st September, the Custom's line between Parma and Modena shall be suppressed.

The King of Sardinia, in returning thanks for a medal presented to him by a private society, said, that his efforts were always concentrated for the great national cause; that he lived for it, and was ready to die for it; that although difficulties and misfortunes might arise, they would certainly be surmounted; and that in view of the wisdom and good order now displayed in the Duchies of Romagna it was impossible to go further, as he might have wished. He pledged his best efforts for the welfare of Italy.

The London *Times* strongly urges the Tuscans to be prepared to resist Austrian aggression, even if they have to fight, and points to Garibaldi as a noble champion for them of the Washington school.

The Council of Ministers at Turin, at which the King of Sardinia presided, had decided that, before accepting even provisionally the provinces which desire to be annexed to Piedmont, it was proper to consult the Allied Powers, particularly France.

THE DICTATORSHIP AT MODENA.

The National Assembly of Modena, in its sitting of August 23, unanimously voted the following decrees:

"1. The confirmation of the Dictatorship of Signor Farini, giving him full power to contract a loan of 5,000,000 of lire.

"2. The erection of a monument to commemorate the votes of the Assembly decreeing the *déchéance* of Francis V., and the annexation of Modena to Piedmont.

"3. That the volunteers who served in the late campaign for the independence of Italy have deserved well of their country.

"4. That the Dictator be charged to negotiate with the several Foreign Powers for the restitution of the political prisoners whom Francis V. carried away with him on leaving the country."

The Assembly was afterward prorogued.

PRUSSIA.

DYING CONDITION OF THE KING.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Potsdam, Aug. 15, says that on August 7 the present monarch was struck with apoplexy:

"On that evening the usual family party, including the Princess Frederick William, was assembled at tea in a grotto attached to the Marble Palace, about two miles from Sans Souci. Suddenly the King's countenance changed, and it was evident that he had had another fit. The Court carriages had been sent away, but another was procured to convey him and the Queen to Sans Souci. His private physicians were both absent, and the Staff surgeon, who was called in, did not venture to prescribe more than rubbings and mustard plasters. It was nearly midnight before the doctors arrived, when he was bled, with immediate relief of the most dangerous symptoms. At first, no great uneasiness was felt, but on Wednesday, about mid-day, it was believed he could not survive the night. The symptoms have again become less immediately menacing, and some of the medical men here are of the opinion that he may linger some time longer. To-morrow is the ninth day, when a crisis may take place, but the mental faculties have long been hopelessly extinguished. It is many years since he first showed symptoms of a disease having the character of softening of the brain. The sight of one eye is gone, and the other is also affected. His dearest friends, therefore, can only wish for a termination of his sufferings."

TURKEY.

A GIRL WORTH 200,000 PIASTRES.

A letter from Trebizond, in the *Levant Herald*, says: "A party of Circassian dealers arrived here lately, having among their stock a young *houri* some fourteen years of age. In proof of her unusual beauty, I may at once mention that the price set upon her was and is 200,000 piastres. Some days after the landing of the owners of this Caucasian gem a relation of hers arrived and claimed her from her possessors, who, it seems, had stolen her from her home. He claimed her restoration to himself, but, I need hardly say, in vain; the owners of so valuable a piece of merchandise were not the men to give it up through any sentimental weakness. The dispute was at last referred to the Pacha's arbitration, much against the will of the young beauty herself, who protested against her return to her native hills, and stoutly held out for going on to Stamboul—that paradise of a Circassian girl's imagination. Before the Pacha, however, could deliver his judgment on the matter, the dispute was settled by the relation foregoing his claims for a consideration; and accordingly the young lady and her friends embarked for Constantinople a couple of days ago."

CANADA.

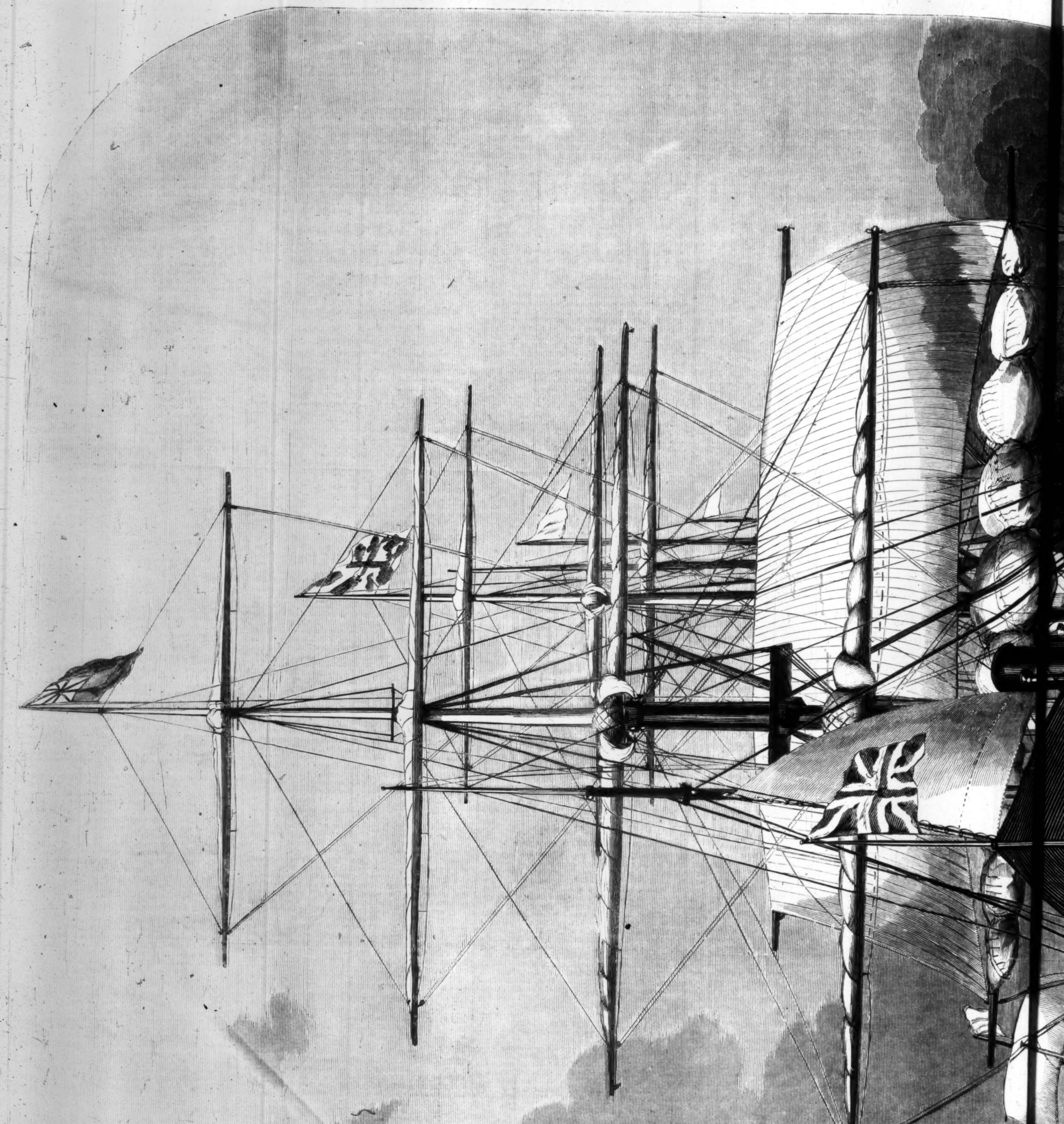
A WILD WOMAN IN THE WOODS.

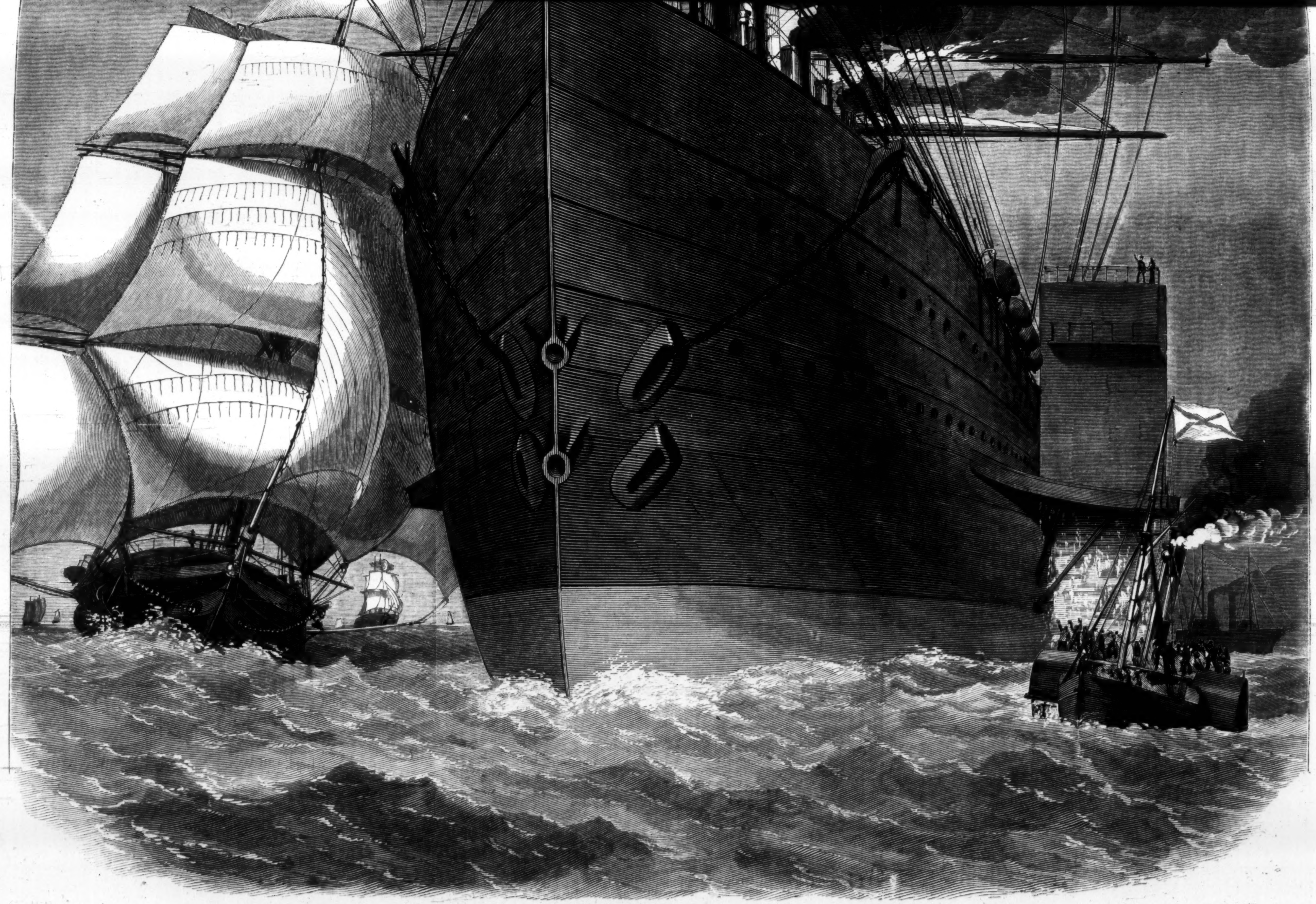
We read in the Kingston (Canada) *News*: "There was a woman seen near Bishop's Mill who appears to be perfectly wild. She was seen first on the 12th inst. by two gentlemen who had been hunting, standing near the stream that falls from the race, gazing at the Orangemen who were at that time passing within sight. The men, thinking she was one of the neighboring women who had come to bathe, as she was perfectly naked, did not discover themselves to her for some time.

"They affirm that she is almost as dark as a negro, but having the features of a white; about medium height; appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age, and was very lean, with small face and sunken eyes. When they approached near enough to be seen, she started up like a deer, immediately taking to the woods, leaping sometimes from ten to fifteen feet. The men gave chase, but kept in sight but a few minutes. After wandering about for some time trying to get sight of her, but in vain, they returned and told their seemingly incredible story.

"The following day six men started in search, and scoured the woods for miles around. About four o'clock, as they were about to return, they were startled by the crackling of some brush, and upon looking in the direction whence it proceeded, observed her passing. They all made a rush at her, but she was off and out of sight in a twinkling.

"To-day some ten or fifteen men started in search, and about noon she was seen by Mr. Elson, who made sure he had her, but she left him in quick style; he followed her a short distance, but on coming to a quagmire he, from his great weight, could proceed no further. He says he came to a spot where she had been dressing a cat, and had eaten a portion of it. All the people in the neighborhood intend turning out next Wednesday; and if they prove successful I will let you know."





THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP AT SEA.

MY VISION.

I STOOD alone upon a narrow bridge just as the shadows of a September evening were falling. Above my head angry clouds drifted along like unshriven spirits doomed to wander in the blackness of darkness; beneath my feet whirled the turbulent little stream, foaming over gray pebbles, and lashing the tender lilies that bloomed upon its banks, until their quivering stems broke, and they dropped, sobbing, into the current, fragrance and beauty gone forever!

A dreary wind, sweeping up from the east, dashed a shower of rain-drops over my face, and warned me to hasten on and seek shelter for the night before the storm began in good earnest; but I had only to laugh at the suggestion. With not a dollar in my pocket, nor even the prospect of one, who would venture to throw open their house-door and bid me welcome to the warmth and good cheer of a home?

The last word, uttered beneath my breath, proved the corner-stone of a castle in the air.

Because I was a poor youth, seeking my fortune, with half my worldly possessions on my back, and the other half tied in a bundle which I carried slung over a hickory staff upon my shoulder, it did not follow that there was nothing rich or fine within; it did not follow that my spirit must plod along, keeping even pace with my feet and hands; and so, at the utterance of that sweetest of monosyllables *home*, this vision presented itself.

I sat in the parlor of a cottage nigh the sea, holding my wife by the hand, and looking from her calm face to the soft, small face of the babe asleep on her knees. There were pictures hanging against the walls, and books lying upon the table within reach; the white keys of a piano-forte smiled invitingly from a corner opposite, and a bright fire glowed on the hearth-stone. But I turned away from them all, for within the circle of my right arm was clasped a fairer picture than Raphael ever painted, a sweeter book than Poet ever dreamed. *Music!* I had it in every low whisper my dear wife murmured. *Warmth* and *light!* they beamed from her lustrous eyes, from her glowing lips, from the magic touch of her slender fingers threading the hair on my brow. I write this down for the sake of contrasting it with my actual circumstances.

That morning I was the adopted son of Job Forrester, an eccentric old man, and heir-prospective to an estate of half a million; before noon the doors of the Grange were shut behind me, and I was adrift upon the world. The cause of my expulsion was so slight it may provoke a smile.

"It is true, Philip," said the old gentleman, in the full tide of a morning discussion, "it is true that the streets of hell are paved with the bones of infants. They have no claim upon Heaven's mercy—not the slightest, and of course will never be admitted there."

This tenet of Mr. Forrester's theology I boldly averred to be false, and with more warmth than wisdom declared the man who invented it to be eminently worthy the hottest seat in the adversary's kingdom; and as this irate remark of course assigned all believers to a share in the inventor's reward, its result was my immediate ejection from the fine old mansion which I had been taught from boyhood to regard as my own.

But let this pass.

My vision floated away on a drift of rain-drops, and I turned and gazed, through mist and gathering gloom, up the road over which I had lately traveled. There was no dwelling in sight. I had not passed one for the last two miles, and for aught I knew I might go as much farther before I came upon one. It was quite time I were moving. I pushed my hat down over my brows, and bidding good-night to the darkling river, with its fringe of willows, started on my way, when the cheerful jangle of a cow-bell fell upon my ear, and in a few moments the sleek, white-faced animal who bore it drew near, glancing at me with gentle, almost human eyes. Close behind followed a small child, her little feet moving wearily, and her hands full of yellow meadow lilies. She, too, eyed the stranger with shy glances as he walked along on the edge of the road, for it was late, and I suppose her foolish head was running over with all the stories she had read and heard of bandits, murderers, and the like. But it pleased me to see that she did not quicken her pace, and presently, instead of whistling as a boy would have done, she began to hum a song to keep up her flagging spirits. It was a pleasant little voice, and reminded me of a honey bee in a field of red clover; and yet the fancy that it trembled with fear led me to interrupt it, and assure the little one that I was neither bandit nor murderer, but simply a poor man seeking his fortune, and very doubtful under what shelter the stormy night was to be passed. Tender little heart! She held out her hand to me with a child's ingenuous confidence, and said, in the sweetest of accents,

"Poor man! I am very sorry you haven't any home, but my grandmother will let you stay at our house; she never turns any body away. We are almost there. I see the light in the kitchen window now."

I saw it too, and as we drew nearer the door was opened and a girl appeared, holding a lantern in her hand.

"Is that you, Milicent?" cried my little bee, dropping my hand and running forward; and the reply came in a quiet voice, "Yes, and I am glad you have come, Tiny. ~~I was~~ beginning to feel anxious, for you've been gone more than two hours."

"It was all Bonnie's fault. She had strayed away into the woods, and it was hard work to find her. I tore my gown in two places, and cut both of my hands; but I've got some lilies, and—oh! Milicent—" What followed I only guessed from Milicent's next words addressed to me.

"Come in, Sir, if you please. My grandmother will bid you welcome."

Tiny led the way into the kitchen, where by the chimney corner the old lady sat drowsing over her knitting work. She opened her eyes, however, at the touch of the small brown hand on her shoulder, and smiled benignly in the face of the stranger, who stood, hat in hand, on the threshold.

"I have only a handful of meal and the widow's cruse to set before you, Sir," she said, in the faltering accents of age; "but the Lord has never suffered either to waste or fail. Sit down by the fire, if you please. You are welcome, Sir, very welcome;" and she drowsed again, while Tiny went softly out.

Truly it was the humblest of humble apartments, that cottage-kitchen, and destitute of any thing in the form of ornament, with the solitary exception of a white earthen pitcher that stood upon a pine light stand filled with wild flowers. The floor was unpainted, the window curtainless, the walls bare. Mr. Forrester's housemaids would have scorned such poverty; but for me, the excitement of the morning having subsided, I was too weary to be fastidious, and accepting the simple hospitality with a grateful heart, I drew a straight-backed wooden chair in front of the fire, and in a moment was so comfortable that I would not have exchanged it for the downiest cushions of a palace.

The two girls were gone, it seemed a long time, for the good old lady could not shake off her drowsiness, and the apartment was so intensely still I could hear the ticking of my watch and the faint tapping of the tiny beetle in the old timber over the fire-place with marvelous distinctness. This stillness had its effect upon my overtaxed nerves, and I believe I fell asleep, for the next thing of which I was conscious was a light step near my chair, followed by Tiny's voice, in a whisper.

"I am going to wake him up, Milicent."

"Not just yet, dear," Milicent answered. "Poor man! he looks very tired."

I half unclosed my eyes, and saw her as she stood near the table, with the candle-light shining full upon her. And here I might pause and tell you the color of her hair, the hue of her eyes, and the cast of her features; but it would convey no more vivid impression of her matchless loveliness and grace than the description of a rainbow would convey a correct idea of its mystic charm to a man blind from his birth.

"It is almost nine o'clock," persisted Tiny. "I think he might eat his supper, and then go to bed. I don't believe he is any more tired than I am!"

Milicent laughed at this ebullition of impatience, and at the same moment I quite opened my eyes, and arose with a bow, very much to the little bee's chagrin. A bowl of new milk and a loaf of Indian bread stood waiting upon the table—the simple preparation for my supper—and I took my place before it, pleased at the prospect of a conversation with Milicent. In this I was disappointed, for as I broke the bread into my bowl the girls slipped quietly out, and I saw them no more that night.

This happened ten years ago. At the time it seemed the merest chance that led me to that cottage by the wayside—the dwelling of the Widow More and her grandchildren Milicent and Tiny; but as I look back to-night I think I recognize something higher, even a divine guidance.

I stationed myself in the town, on whose outskirts this cottage stood (for there was no reason why I should go farther from my old home), and looked about for work. It presented itself first in a printing-office, which I entered in the capacity of a type-setter; but in the course of the following year the door of the editor's sanctum was thrown open, and I slipped into the easy chair before the critic's table.

Every night I saw Milicent More; and I may as well say here, what it had been better had I sooner said to her, I loved her—not with the flaming passion of youth, else she would have known it in words, but with an affection so tranquil and quiet I mistook it for friendship. She was my Rest. I could sit by her side, after the toil and trouble of the day, and look into her calm eyes, as I could have looked into the eyes of a saint, without the quickening of a single pulse. No matter in what mood I came to her, she never failed to meet it, to sympathize in it, or, if it were too wild and wayward for her meekness, she softened it by words of consolation and counsel, too humbly offered to wound or offend my pride. I loved to call her *sister*, but it was not until years afterward I remembered that her gentle lips never once framed the word *brother*.

One evening, after a long walk, we paused on the little bridge which I have mentioned before. It was a warm summer night. Milicent's hat hung over her arm, and I had been idly twining long spears of meadow grass and daisies in her hair as we talked. She was in a grave mood that evening. I had tried in vain to bring a smile to her lips; and now, as I bade her look down into the shining river, and behold the brave crown wherewith I had made her my queen, a tear fell upon its placid surface, and lo! so slight a drop rippled the water and washed her image away. I had never thought Milicent nervous before; but now she covered her face and shuddered, and although in a moment the wave was as clear as crystal, I could not persuade her to look again.

"I will tell you a dream I had last night, Philip," she said, brushing away her tears, and laying her hand on my arm. "You and I were standing on that very spot, looking into the water. We had been walking just as we have to-night, and you had made me just such a wreath of grass and daisies; and then you bade me look down to see how it became me. So I obeyed; but before I could speak there came between us a splendid woman's face. Oh! it was proud and handsome, and the long black hair that fell over her neck was threaded with diamonds that flashed and glittered so they dazzled my poor eyes and hid you from me. Then she pointed at my wreath with a gay, mocking laugh, and laid her fingers on it, and just at their touch the little daisies faded and the meadow grass withered. Then I awoke, and said to myself, '*It was only a dream!*' But, Philip, it came to me *three* times, without change, before dawn; and you may laugh if you will, but I am sure there is a cloud coming between us."

I did laugh, of course, and kissed the soft hand that trembled in mine, and I told her that not all the beautiful women or shining stones in the universe should charm me away from my own true-hearted, gentle little sister. I was sincere; but I did not know myself half as well as did the simple girl at my side. That very hour proved it. In the midst of gentle words there galloped up behind us a woman on horseback, a dark-faced, handsome lady, who smiled archly as her glance fell, in passing, upon Milicent's crown of daisies. Her queenly figure was draped in velvet robes; the snowy plumes of her hat swept the rich bloom of her cheek; her dainty hands seemed too small to clasp even the slender bridle and jeweled riding whip. I stood gazing after her as though the wide world were filled with her regal presence, and when a cloud of dust rose between us, vailing her from my sight, I turned to Milicent, and said, with an awkward attempt at gayety,

"I believe in love at first sight."

"I thought so, Philip—and I have seen the lady of my dream!" Milicent spoke quietly, but her face was white, and her lips and eyes had a cold, fixed look that startled me. She withdrew her hand from mine; for we were at the cottage door, and as she stood upon the unpainted wooden step, asked with painful formality, "Will you come in, Mr. Thornton?"

"No, not to-night; I am unable to understand your mood, Milicent. I hope you will be yourself when we meet again." I was conscious that my voice and manner were quick and harsh, and when I had gone a few paces from the door I heard her echo my last words—*When we meet again*, with emphasis so sad that I turned and looked back. She stood white and motionless as a spirit in the pale moonlight, her hands stretched out after me, her long, fair hair drooping over her neck and bosom, and the daisies withering on her brow—a picture so full of touching sweetness that I was fain to retrace my steps and beg her to forgive my impatience. But between us there arose, as it were, from the earth, the splendid vision which had dazzled my senses—the queenly figure with its drapery of royal purple, the sweeping plumes, the flashing, brilliant face, smiling upon Milicent and me, the air perfumed with fragrance as she passed, and—Heaven forgive me!—I left my sister grieved and in tears.

For the next three months I worshiped at the feet of Sybil Sharrock, like a blind fool. She was down from the city, spending the summer with a friend, to whose house I had free access. I had always looked upon Mrs. Law as a dull, stupidly good-natured individual; but suddenly she became a marvel of cleverness and brilliancy. For every thing that Sybil touched or loved was made precious. I would listen for hours to her friend's idle gossip, for the sake of being in the room where I might watch her brilliant face, her bewildering smile, and perhaps be rewarded by a song, which, as I stood near the piano, seemed to carry my soul on its siren strains to the gates of Paradise. The breeze that floated over her satin, smooth hair, came to me laden with fragrance; the crimson flowers with which she decked its mavelous folds, and which she suffered to lie against the oval of her cheek, I would have given worlds to possess; the pet spaniel that she caressed with her slight fingers, and the little round-mouthed Law baby that she persisted in kissing, were objects of my dislike and jealousy. Ah! but she knew her power, and she used it well—now torturing me with coldness and reserve, and now by a rare smile, a whispered word, binding me thrice her slave. I think I was almost insane that summer, else I had never so neglected the dear girl who dwelt with the old grandame and the child Tiny in the wayside cottage. Sometimes, in the midnight stillness of my own apartment, her meek face would dawn upon me with its crown of golden hair, its steadfast hazel eyes; that innocent, girlish face, into which I had never looked for consolation or comfort in vain; and then for a moment I would feel that, in comparison with Sybil, Milicent More was pure as a saint in glory. Once during the summer I chanced to meet Tiny just as I was opening Mrs. Law's gate. The child did not speak, but she looked up in my face with questioning eyes, and a grave, troubled expression that I could in nowise forget, until the touch of Sybil's queenly palm and a bewildering smile from her scarlet lips dispelled every upbraiding thought. And there was one other evening, I remember, when, chafed and angry at an article which had just appeared in a contemporary journal, a severe criticism on a critique of my own, I turned my steps toward Milicent's humble home, half hoping, half fearing to meet her. The clematis that crept over the porch was in full bloom (how long it seemed since I helped her train its wayward tendrils over the slender lattice!); her border of mignonnette and white candytuft perfumed the air; the cottage door stood wide open, and just within the old grandmother sat knitting, while Tiny, at her feet, read aloud from a volume that lay upon the door-step. Milicent was not there. I passed along unobserved, hearing only these words, uttered in clear, childish accents, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest." They rang in my ears like the solemn tolling of the passing bell, until, as I drew near the bridge, I caught the gleam of golden tresses, the flutter of a white robe, among the willows that overhung the river. In another moment I stood face to face with Milicent More, trembling and flushing like a school-boy. What was there in that pure, calm face that silenced every word I would have spoken? The simple girl was more collected than the man. She spoke first, and I would have given the world to have detected the slightest tremor in her voice, or the faintest change in the peach bloom of her cheek. There was no reproach implied or spoken as she said, softly,

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Thornton. Are you well?" Then—for still I could not speak—she added, "I think you are troubled or perplexed, Philip."

My name, uttered as only Milicent could utter it, unsealed my lips, and in angry words I told her what I had read that day, and how such malicious and unjust criticism—descending, indeed, to personal invective and abuse—galled and wounded my spirit. She heard me through, never once removing her searching eyes from my face, and when I paused, said, gently,

"Why should you care so much for a falsehood, Philip? There never was a truly great and noble man yet who had not his enemies. Had you been *dishonorable* or *unmanly*, Philip, *then* indeed there would be cause for great sorrow; as it is, what have you to fear?"

Was she ironical? I looked up quickly, but her sweet face was bright with enthusiasm; no sarcasm lurked there. She turned toward home as she ceased speaking, and I dared not ask her to linger longer; but as we came within sight of the cottage, urged by an irresistible impulse, I said,

"Milicent, why do you not reproach me? Why do you not turn from me in anger, instead of soothing and comforting me?" And she answered, quietly,

"I have nothing to reproach you with, Philip. Good-night."

"And are you not angry?" I persisted, catching at her hand as she glided past.

"Not in the least. Why should I be? Good-night, Philip." And eluding my grasp, she vanished like a spirit.

At length the time arrived for Miss Sharrock's return to the city. It was the night of our parting: and as I ran up the nicely rolled path that led to Mrs. Law's dwelling instead of being overwhelmed with anguish I was in an ecstasy of wild delight, the cause of which I proceeded to detail to Sybil as we promenaded slowly the garden walks.

"I have to-day received a letter of recall from Mr. Forrester," I began; "and he bids me return to the Grange without delay. He has forgiven me, Sybil! Had it not been for this, honor would have sealed my lips; for how could I, a poor man, dare to ask you to share my humble lot? As it now is—" And what wild words followed I can not tell. I only know that, even as I spoke, her regal head, with its crown of dusky hair, was on my breast, her white arms clasped my neck, and I fancied myself supremely happy.

Early in the following winter, with the approval of her guardian and Mr. Forrester, Sybil Sharrock and I were married. Over the four years that ensued I choose to let the curtain fall. It is enough to say that the vision I once had of a *home* was not realized. At the close of the fourth summer Sybil's queenly head lay low in the dust, covered with the crimson leaves of autumn, and I was left with one child—my son Philip.

Mr. Forrester, too, was gone; he died within a twelvemonth of our marriage, and the worthy woman who had been his housekeeper for many years had gone to live with her only child, a smart young mechanic in a distant town; so I dismissed the other servants, and prepared to shut up the old mansion. It was best for a season I should be a wanderer on the face of the earth; but my little blue-eyed boy must have a home—where? I thought of Milicent. Dare I take him to her, neglected and slighted so long? Would not even her calm, sisterly affection be exhausted? I sought her in the lowly cottage, where she still lived with her aged grandmother and Tiny, and silently laid the child in her tender arms. Not a word of reproach escaped her pure lips; but as she bent over his soft little face a quiet tear dropped upon it, and I knew she accepted my trust.

Three years I was absent from my home, wandering hither and thither among foreign nations, seeking rest, but finding none, until the yearning wish to look once more upon Milicent's face, to hear again her calm, low voice, led me to take passage for my native land. Summer had fairly opened when I landed at New York. The gay people were preparing for their annual flitting to the sea-side or the mountains, but for myself, I knew of a quiet, secluded spot, dearer to me, and fairer far than any other in the world. Thither I turned my face.

It was on a June evening when I drew near the wayside cottage, but I paused on the little bridge, and looked into the rippling water, as into the face of a friend. Ah! if I might only hope to find Milicent as unchanged! The thought assumed almost the intensity and earnestness of a prayer; for at that moment I saw her coming toward me from the cottage, leading a child by the hand. I stood immovable as they approached, screened from their view by a clump of alders.

"You always say, *When papa comes!*" cried the boy, in impatient, boyish fashion. "I want to know, will papa *ever* come?"

"Yes indeed, Philip," replied Milicent, quickly, as if the question hurt her.

"I love papa—but he is such a big while coming," mused the little one, playing with the fingers that clasped his own. "Do *you* love him, too, Aunt Milicent?" I followed his eyes as they eagerly scanned her face; it was calm as of old, but the sweet lips quivered, and she pressed her hand against her heart.

"*Do* you, Aunt Milicent," persisted the boy. But Milicent could not speak—she wept instead—and in another moment I had her in my arms.

To-night I am sitting in the parlor of my home. It is not far from the sea. In any interval of silence which occurs I hear the beating of its restless waves upon the beach. My wife sits beside me, with her baby upon her knees. We call it Tiny, but it has its mother's hazel eyes and golden hair. Pictures hang against the walls; books lie upon the table; the white keys of the piano-forte

smile invitingly; and a bright fire glows on the hearth-stone. But I turn from them all to look in the dear face of Milicent. Unworthy as I am, my vision is at last a blessed and perfect *reality*.

WHAT THE ROMANS READ.

IT is one of the numerous festivals kept in honor of the Madonna, we will suppose. The scene, a hill village among the Apennines, which the traveler crosses between Ancona and the Eternal City, not very far from either of those grand marts of sacerdotal tromperie, the "Holy House of Loretto," and Assisi, the birth and burial place of the great Mendicano, St. Francis. Almost the whole population of the village and the neighboring hills is gathered in and in front of the church. In the midst of all this crowd, on one side of the great church-door, and backed against the wall of the building, is the temporary stall of the itinerant vendor of devotional appurtenances.

Truly extraordinary is the variety of objects for sale here. Little pewter medals blessed by the Pope; little crucifixes cast in mixed metal of various colors; vile wood-cuts, some coarsely daubed with paint, representing some saint with a hatchet sticking in his skull, or the naked bodies of half a dozen men and women standing in sheets of flame up to the middle; rosaries; little waxen dolls reclining on beds of white wool in glass-topped boxes surmounted by a cross; ornamented metal holy-water vases for hanging up at the bed head; and larger crucifixes for nailing as charms against the house-door. Then there is the literature, of which one little book I buy is a choice specimen. And for all these articles—notwithstanding the payments at the placard-covered house at the opposite end of the village, notwithstanding the numerous begging-boxes inside the church, and notwithstanding bare feet, bare legs, and very poorly furnished cupboards at home—there is a brisk sale.

Such was the sort of scene which was going on when and where I bought "A BOOK," the existence of which I humbly think it wholesome that some abroad should know of.

My book is entitled, "Copy of a Prayer found in the Sepulchre of our Lord in Jerusalem." It is printed at Rome "by superior permission," but without date. It is a misnomer to call it a prayer —which it is not, in any sense. A few lines of preface state that it was preserved—after having been found at Jerusalem, it is to be supposed—"by his Holiness and by Charles the Fifth in their oratories, in boxes of silver." The author seems to consider the present pontiff and Charles the Fifth contemporaries; but this is, probably, only a slip of the pen.

The work opens thus: "Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, Saint Matilda, and Saint Bridget, being anxious to know some particulars of the Passion"—I omit the great name that follows here—"made especial prayer, in answer to which" the Divine Teacher, whose great name I omit again, "appeared to them, speaking to them as follows."

The text proceeds (I translate it with scrupulous and literal exactness) thus: "My beloved servants, know that the armed soldiers were a hundred and twenty-five in number. Those who led me, when I was bound, were thirty-three. The executioners were thirty-three. The blows which they gave me on the head were thirty. When I was taken in the garden, to make me get up from the ground, they gave me a hundred and five kicks. The blows given by the hand on my head and on my breast were a hundred and sixty-eight. I received eighty blows on the shoulders. I was dragged with cords and by the hair twenty-three times. The spittings on my face were thirty in number; stripes, six thousand six hundred and sixty-six. On my body I received a hundred wounds, and a hundred on my head. They gave me a thrust, which was mortal. I remained on high on the cross, by the hair, two hours. At one time I breathed forth a hundred and twenty-nine sighs. I was dragged by the beard twenty-three times. The pricks of the thorns on my head were a hundred. Mortal punctures on the forehead were three. The wounds which I received from a thousand soldiers who conducted me, were five hundred and eight. They who guided me were three. The drops of blood which I shed were four thousand three hundred and eighty.

"To any person who will recite seven Paters and seven Aves for the space of twelve successive years, to make up the number of the drops of blood which I shed, and who shall live like a good Christian, I grant five boons."

The five boons are set forth as follows:

"1. Plenary indulgence, and remission of all sins.

"2. He shall be free from the pains of purgatory.

"3. If he should die before completing the twelve years, it shall be all the same as if he had completed them.

"4. He shall be as if he were a martyr, or had shed his blood for the holy faith.

"5. I will come down from heaven to earth for his soul, and for those of his relatives to the fourth generation."

These are the advantages to be obtained by the twelve years' Paters and Aves. But these promises do not by any means comprise all the benefits obtainable from this incomparable halfpenny-worth of letter-press. The wonderful book proceeds as follows:

"Whoever shall carry this Orazione about him shall not die by drowning, or by other disastrous end, nor by sudden death. He shall escape from contagion, from the pestilence, from being struck by lightning; and he shall not die without confession. He shall be freed from his enemies, from the pursuit of justice" (a great temptation this to certain likely classes of purchasers), "and from all malevolent and false witnesses. Women in child-bed, having this about them, shall be immediately delivered, and shall be out of all danger. In the houses where there shall be a copy of this Orazione there shall be no treachery or other evil things; and forty days before his death (I translate literally, and without omission) he shall see the blessed Virgin Mary."

Who would not spend a halfpenny on such terms, even if it were his last? It is not necessary, observe, even to read a word of the miraculous little book. That might exclude a large number of purchasers from the market. But neither will one copy—except in the case of that household copy which is to protect an entire family, from each other apparently—serve for more than one individual. The talisman must be carried about the person.

The book concludes with an anecdote explanatory and exemplificatory of its operation; and a remarkably strong case of its efficacy under difficult circumstances has been selected.

"A certain captain, while traveling, saw a head which had been cut from the body. That decapitated head spoke. It said, 'Since you are going to Barcelona, oh traveler, bring me a confessor, that I may confess myself; for three days ago I was killed by thieves and assassins, and I am not able to die without confessing myself.' A confessor having been conducted to that spot by the captain, the living head confessed itself, and then forthwith died. And this Orazione was found upon it."

Now is it not matter for sadness in all true men, whatever their creeds or opinions, to find a European government, at this period of the world's civilization, shutting out from its people the rudiments of real instruction, and providing them with such mental food as this? Providing them with it, and selecting it for them; for the system of press censorship and supervision of the vendors of such articles, which is most strictly enforced in the Papal States, saddles the government with this responsibility. Is it not evident that a people among whom such statements and promises can find acceptance, must be far from any conception of real Christianity?

MORE REAL GHOSTS.

V.

IN the following case, for which I am personally responsible, there is a singular complication of causes and transmission of thought:

There was a very dear friend of my younger days, whom I will call Owens. When we were both at a private tutor's together, at a sequestered village in Surrey, he, I, and a third young man were almost inseparable, and used to spend our leisure time rambling, side by side, through the romantic lanes that are not so beautiful any where as amidst the sand-rocks, hazel-hedges, and violet-banks of Surrey.

Imagine the three friends scattered into various paths of life. I am married; Owens, who ran down from business to be present at that marriage, is in his father's banking-house; the third and youngest friend (give him the name of Inson) is studying for the Church at Cambridge. Now Owens, who had been used to a country life, hard gallops over the Surrey heaths, and exercise of all kinds, pays the penalty of confinement to the desk, and falls ill. In this illness I visit him as a physician twice, and find him suffering under a spasmodic affection of the hip, of a mysterious kind, to which all the resources of medicine bring no relief. The last time I ever beheld him on earth was at East Sheen, where his family had taken a cottage for the sake of affording him country air. The acuteness of his attack seemed passed. Only immense weakness remained behind the apparently conquered malady; but the patient was placed on a fortifying diet, and was promised eventual restoration. I found him dressed as usual, lying on a sofa, but I did not like the unearthly beauty of his face. Always handsome, it was now refined into something spiritual; and the large blue eyes, the crimson lips, the hectic tinge upon a waxen ground, were indications not to be mistaken.

Still, I did not think the end near at hand. He had a good appetite, and was lively and confident, and so were those about him. When his two sisters came, smiling, into the room to warn me that my quarter of an hour had expired, and when, accompanying me into the drawing-room, they expressed their gay conviction that their brother was quite over the worst of it, and would go out walking in a few days, I caught some temporary infection from the cheerfulness of the family—all the more, too, because my friend's wasted face and thin hand were no longer before me.

I must observe that, in the course of the quarter of an hour's interview, Owens once gave a keen, quivering glance to the past days. Something like this he said: "I have been longing to have a walk in our old Surrey lanes again! Do you remember how often we used to stroll about there?"

On a calm review of that quarter of an hour I seem to discern that Owens knew he would die shortly. But it is important to the integrity of my story that the reader should bear in mind the fact that I left my friend without the least idea that he was in immediate danger.

I have to ask of my reader belief in an assertion which may appear singular, but which is true.

The assertion for which I demand belief is this: Owens, for many days, was put wholly out of my head. I was newly married: I was going with my wife a round of visits, and always changing scene and place. This is some explanation of a forgetfulness which, after all, is strange; and the more strange, because my wife and I were (at the period to which I would bring my reader) staying at a friend's house in Surrey, close upon the scene of my early intimacy with Owens.

One lovely summer evening, not a week from the time when I had last seen Owens on his sick sofa, Mrs. Cranstoun (I give myself the name) and I rode out together on horseback. The day (a July day) had been hot; the evening was sultry. We buried ourselves in a labyrinth of those Surrey lanes, which form an arch overhead like the tilt of a wagon. We were in the neighborhood of Hascombe—the old neighborhood. But we approached the scene of old days by a way quite different from that to which I had been accustomed. Now it was nearly nine o'clock; it was dusk; we were in a long lane that was all dark with boughs above us; but where the lane seemed to take a sudden turn, a good way off, the red-gold sky streamed brightly in. There was a dark archway to a vista of light; and in that arch-way, just in the midst, and strongly defined by the light all around it, stood a figure. Right in the middle of the road it stood, and had the appearance of a man in a cloak, standing with his back to the light: with his face toward us, but bent down, and almost shrouded by the folds of the cloak. The lane was so narrow that it did not admit of two persons riding side by side. I was first. From the moment I saw the figure an uneasy sensation came over me. Suddenly I connected something sinister with this figure. Involuntarily I recollected that a man, in the avenue leading to my father's house, had so waited for a guest coming from the house, and seized the bridle, and had, with attendant circumstances of violence, taken purse and pocket-book from an unlucky guest. "How disagreeable," I thought, "to have to go by that figure! I wish the man would stand out of the way!" And then I whipped on my horse, looking back to see that Mrs. Cranstoun, who was close behind, was doing the same, with a dim-defined feeling that it was better to go by that figure quickly—to knock him down, if he would not get out of the path—to trample over him, if need were. But I did not call out to the man; I could not have spoken a word; I seemed to be under a spell. All this passed quickly, and seemed as if it could not happen otherwise, and as if I were fascinated and mastered by the figure. In a few moments I was close to it. Yet I did not see the face of the man more distinctly. No one can see a face that has the light directly behind it. All I saw was, that there was a face—that there was a human being solid and material—for that form intercepted the light, which, pouring round it, gave it the distinctness of a statue. I could have drawn the outline, I could draw it now—head bent down, large cloak in picturesque folds, obscure, yet distinct. Now the horse's nose seemed just about to touch the figure. "I shall certainly ride over this man!" just flashed over me, when, with a kind of relief, I saw the form draw on one side with an easy motion, and as if to give me more room to pass. I distinctly perceived the figure lean back upon the low sand-bank to the right of the lane. One inappreciable instant I saw it there—dark—infolded in its ample garment, hiding the grass and the rabbit-holes, the tufts and inequalities. Another instant the figure had disappeared. One moment, a figure shrouded in a cloak; another moment, grass and a bank!

Though all passed so rapidly as to be but the work of a moment, I must have checked my horse for that moment, because I had time to glance round and to ascertain strictly and certainly that there was no place, no nook, no screen, which could have favored the possible, or (as it seemed to me) impossible withdrawal of the figure. In that spot the bank was low, the bushes were scanty. I could see perfectly that there was no ditch. I could see all over the neighboring field. Nothing!

Then, and not till then, a sensation never felt before, never felt since, but never to be forgotten, came over me—a sense of the supernatural. As Job says, "The hair of my flesh stood up." Not that I connected the shape that I had seen, and (if I may so speak) beheld to vanish, with any person, or thing, or boding, or warning. It was the mere manner of appearance and disappearance that so struck and shook me.

In the instant of being seized with the conviction that I had seen a disappearance, I was seized with a wild longing to get away from the spot as quickly as possible. I did not turn my head—I could not have spoken to my companion.

But here again is a curious thing.

From the time I first saw the form to the moment when I sped away from the place where it had vanished I knew that Mrs. Cranstoun saw all, felt all, knew all, and partook all, as if she and I had but one brain. There was no need for words. We were both flying from the same terror. Close behind me she came. I knew that she urged on her horse at the moment I urged on mine. So on we rode—silent and swift—enveloped in the same dread, nor ever checked rein till we reached the friend's house where we were staying.

Note again this remarkable thing. We neither of us said one word respecting the figure, to each other, to any body, when we withdrew to prepare ourselves for tea, or during the whole evening. Only when we were alone together at night, I began:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes!"

"Can you bear to think of it or talk of it?"

"Hardly!"

"Do you shudder when you think of it?"

"Yes!"

But now a strong curiosity took possession of me, and I (without a word that might suggest an answer) asked more particularly:

"What did you see? How did you feel?"

The repetition of what Mrs. Cranstoun had seen, felt, and thought, was the exact transcript of what I had seen, felt, and thought. Moreover, Mrs. Cranstoun had known, throughout, that I was feeling just as she did, and that we were thinking and acting as one person.

"When," she said, "you urged on your horse I knew that it was to pass the ugly figure as rapidly as possible. I felt a fear that the man (for it seemed to be a man) would seize hold of my horse's bridle. I thought surely we shall ride over this man! I saw the dark figure lean on one side and recline, as it were, upon the bank. Almost in the same moment it disappeared. I looked through and over the hedge, almost incredulously—as if, to use an old expression, I did not believe my own eyes. I saw that the figure had really disappeared; and then I felt a creeping all over me, and a wish to get away, and to reach home, as if there would be something real there. I knew very well that you urged on your horse for the same reasons that I urged on mine. But I could not have spoken to you for the world."

After this conversation we agreed that we would not—could not—speak of the thing again.

But I never thought of Owens.

Three or four days after (while we were still staying at the same friend's house where we had been at the time of the appearance) we went with our hosts in an open carriage to the neighboring town. The ladies were in a mercer's shop, when a groom with black crape round his hat rode up to the carriage in which I was seated at the shop-door, and gave into my hands a letter sealed with black. Disagreeably impressed, I opened it and found that it contained rather a detailed account of the death of my dear friend Owens: which had occurred very suddenly and unexpectedly on the evening when I had seen the dark figure in the lane, and at a little before nine o'clock—the hour of the appearance. The letter stated that an apoplectic attack had occurred in the morning. Bleeding had relieved the insensibility. Toward evening the patient became conscious, and, from his own feelings, declared that he was about to die. He then sent farewell messages to various friends. I was particularly mentioned, almost at the last moment of life, and an earnest desire was expressed that I should be present at his funeral. Accordingly the letter invited me and Mrs. Cranstoun to that sad ceremony, which was to take place in a day or two, at a village in Surrey, about ten miles off.

Impossible, after this, not to connect the appearance in the lane with the death of Owens. Besides, there now suddenly came into my head a crowd of circumstances singularly connected with the impression—the apparition, as it would popularly be called. In those lanes Owens and myself had often rambled, and when we last frequented those haunts of our youth, Owens, the time being winter, had constantly worn a large cloak or roquelaure (as the article was called at that time), of a dark-blue color, which he was accustomed to drape about him as the figure's cloak was arranged.

Curiously, too, I had a miniature picture of Owens in that very cloak. But critical friends had exclaimed against the cloak as affected and Byronic; and as, in that young season, I was apt to play the part of the old man with his ass, and to try to please every body (let the reader believe I have given this up long ago), the miniature was, at that very time, in the hands of the artist (Miss Kendrick) to be altered. All this occurred to me now, but had had no place in my remembrance before.

The story is not quite finished yet.

Let the reader imagine the funeral long over. Time has passed and I am down at Cambridge to vote at an election. I find my friend Inson (the third of the private-tutor trio, be it remembered) in the agony of examinations and entrance into holy orders. Still he has time to talk to me of old days, of the death of poor Owens, and of the sorrow that event had caused him. Of course I tell him the story of the appearance in the lane.

In a breathless way Inson cries out, "Do you not remember what took place in that lane?"

"No."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Inson, "it was there, if I rightly understand your description, that you and I, and Owens, solemnly swore to each other, that he of us who died first should appear to the others—that is, if there were a future state, which we, in our young skepticism, were not quite sure of."

The words of Inson were to me as the application of fire to a revelation written in sympathetic ink. Every syllable came out clearly. A connection of events, which I seemed long to have been seeking, now shot into its place, and that, too, with an astonishment that such a vail had been over my memory until now! Just there! Yes, indeed, it was the very spot where we had solemnly taken each other's hands and sworn that the first dead should appear to the other two.

How could I have failed to recognize that spot? Surely it was marked enough by the long vista of lane, the turn at the end, the boughs getting scanty, the light coming through!

Why, now, enlightened as I was, I could have identified every inequality in the bank, every rabbit-hole, even a species of hemlock that grew thereabout.

And we had sat on that bank. And I had not remembered it.

I look upon this case of my own as a most beautiful and interesting proof of the power of soul and brain, at the moment when they are about to be severed, to manifest their existence to another soul and brain—as a remarkable instance of a power there is in humanity, at that great extremity and verge of change, to impress humanity with kindred thought; and that so strongly that two brains may be impressed together, either simultaneously or by conveying the electric impulse from one to the other.

Be it remembered Owens had been present at my marriage with Mrs. Cranstoun. He was not well at the time. He had left a sick room to come to the church where the marriage took place. These circumstances would naturally impress his mind, and connect Mrs. Cranstoun and myself in one idea, as it were. Naturally he might connect us two in a dying thought, and so, by the wondrous cerebral agitation of the act of dissolution, might make the idea of himself apparent to both of us at the same moment.

Or the dying spirit and agitated brain might impress my brain and optic nerve alone; and I might convey my own cerebral impressions to the person who was close to me and in strict relation with me.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XVII.—*Continued.*

As if this had been a concerted signal, the back door was struck as rudely the next instant. They were hemmed in. But at these alarming sounds Margaret seemed to recover some share of self-possession. She whispered, "Say he was here, but is gone." And with this she seized Gerard and almost dragged him up the rude steps that led to her father's sleeping-room. Her own lay next beyond it.

The blows on the door were repeated.

"Who knocks at this hour?"

"Open, and you will see!"

"I open not to thieves—honest men are all abed now."

"Open to the law, Martin Wittenhaagen, or you shall rue it."

"Why that is Dirk Brower's voice, I trow. What make you so far from Tergou?"

"Open, and you will know."

Martin drew the bolt, and in rushed Dierich and four more. They let in their companion who was at the back-door.

"Now, Martin; where is Gerard Gerardssoen?"

"Gerard Gerardssoen? Why he was here but now."

"Was here?" Dierich's countenance fell. "And where is he now?"

"They say he is gone to Italy. Why? What is to do?"

"No matter. When did he go? Tell me not that he went in such a storm as this!"

"Here is a coil about Gerard Gerardssoen," said Martin, contemptuously. Then he lighted the candle, and, seating himself coolly by the fire, proceeded to whip some fine silk round his bow-string at the place where the nick of the arrow frets it. "I'll tell you," said he, carelessly. "Do you know his brother Giles—a little misbegotten imp, all head and arms? Well, he came tearing over here on a mule, and bawled out something. I was too far off to hear the creature's words, but I heard its noise. Any way, he started Gerard. For as soon as he was gone there was such crying and kissing, and then Gerard went away. They do tell me he is gone to Italy—mayhap you know where that is, for I don't."

Dierich's countenance fell lower and lower at this account. There was no flaw in it. A cunninger man than Martin would perhaps have told a lie too many, and raised suspicion. But Martin did his task well. He only told the one falsehood he was bade to tell, and of his own head invented nothing.

"Mates," said Dierich, "I doubt he speaks sooth. I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be. He met the dwarf galloping Peter Buyskens's mule from Sevenbergen. 'They have sent that imp to Gerard,' says he, 'so, then, Gerard is at Sevenbergen.'—'Ah, master!' says I, ''tis too late now. We should have thought of Sevenbergen before, instead of wasting our time hunting all the odd corners of Tergou for those cursed parchments that we shall never find till we find the man that took 'em. If he was at Sevenbergen,' quoth I, 'and they have sent the dwarf to him, it must have been to warn him we are after him. He is leagues away by now,' quoth I. Confound that chalk-faced girl! she has outwitted us bearded men:' and so I told the Burgomaster, but he would not hear reason. A wet jerkin a piece, that is all we shall get, mates, by this job."

Martin grinned coolly in Dierich's face.

"However," added the latter, "just to content the Burgomaster, we will search the house."

Martin turned grave directly.

This change of countenance did not escape Dierich. He reflected a moment.

"Watch outside two of you, one on each side of the house, that no one jump from the upper windows. The rest come with me."

And he took the candle and mounted the stairs, followed by three of his comrades.

Martin was left alone.

The stout soldier hung his head. All had gone so well at first: and now this fatal turn! Suddenly it occurred to him that all was not yet lost. Gerard must be either in Peter's room or Margaret's; they were not so very high from the ground. Gerard would leap out. Dierich had left a man below; but what then? For half a minute Gerard and he would be two to one, and, in that brief space, what might not be done?

Martin then held the back-door ajar and watched. The light was in Peter's room. "Curse the fool!" said he; "is he going to let them take him like a girl?"

The light passed now into Margaret's bedroom. Still no window was opened. Had Gerard intended to escape that way he would not have waited till the men were in the room. Martin saw that at once, and left the door, and came to the foot-stair and listened. He began to think Gerard must have escaped by the window while all the men were in the house. The longer the silence continued the stronger grew this conviction. But it was suddenly and rudely dissipated.

Piercing shrieks issued from the inner bedroom—Margaret's.

"They have taken him," groaned Martin; "they have got him."

It flashed through Martin's mind in one moment that if they took Gerard away his life was not worth a button; and that if evil befell him Margaret's heart would break. He cast his eyes wildly round like some savage beast seeking an escape, and in a twinkling he formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those iron times and of a soldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

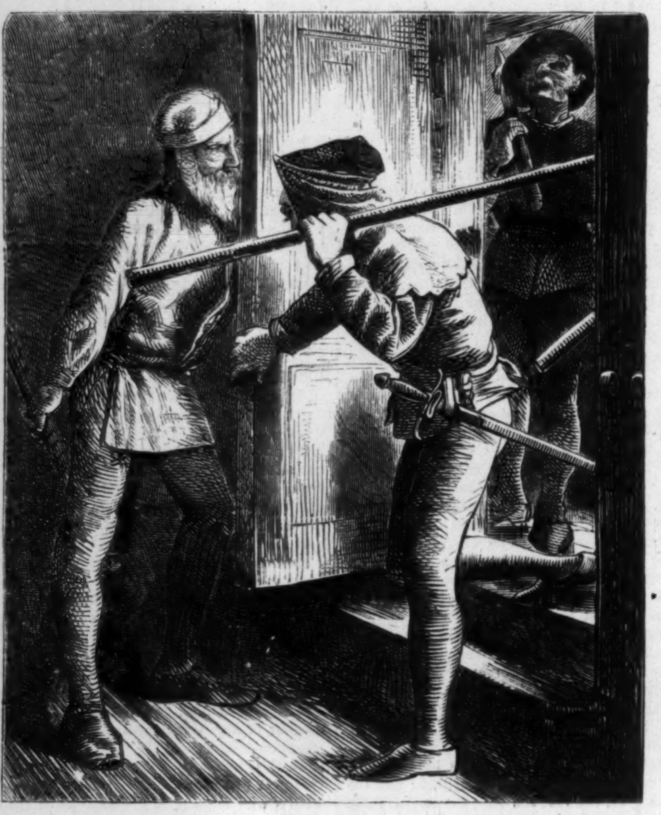
HE stepped to each door in turn, and imitating Dirk Brower's voice, said sharply, "Watch the window!" He then quietly closed and bolted both doors. He then took up his bow and six arrows; one he fitted to his string, the others he put into his quiver. His knife he placed upon a chair behind him, the hilt toward him: and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men, or be slain by them. Two, he knew, he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance, hand-to-hand, with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men panic-stricken by a sudden attack of this sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate but an instant, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would be on the right side.

He had not long to wait. The heavy steps sounded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer.

The light also approached, and voices.

Martin's heart, stout as it was, beat hard, to hear men coming thus to their death, and, perhaps, to his; more likely so than not; for four is long odds in a battle-field of ten feet square, and Gerard might be bound, perhaps, and powerless to help. But this man, whom we have seen shake in his shoes at a Giles-o'-lanthorn, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his body all braced for combat, and his eye glowing, equally ready to take life and lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exile instant and for life, and to lose it was to die that moment upon that floor he stood on.

Dierich Brower and his men found Peter in his first sleep. They opened his cupboards; they ran their knives into an alligator he had nailed to his



wall; they looked under his bed: it was a large room, and apparently full of hiding-places, but they found no Gerard.

Then they went on to Margaret's room, and the very sight of it was discouraging—it was small and bare, and not a cupboard in it; there was, however, a large fire-place and chimney. Dierich's eye fell on these directly. Here they found the beauty of Sevenbergen sleeping on an old chest, not a foot high, and no attempt made to cover it; but the sheets were snowy white, and so was Margaret's own linen. And there she lay, looking like a lily fallen into a rut.

Presently she awoke, and sat up in the bed, like one amazed; then, seeing the men, began to scream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do," said he, a little confused. "We are not going to hurt you, my pretty maid. Lie you still, and shut your eyes, and think of your wedding-night, while I look up this chimney to see if Master Gerard is there."

"Gerard! in my room?"

"Why not? They say that you and he—"

"Cruel! you know they have driven him away from me—driven him from his native place. This is a blind. You are thieves; you are wicked men. You are not men of Sevenbergen, or you would know Margaret Brandt better than to look for her lover in this room of all others in the world. Oh brave! Four great hulking men to come, armed to the teeth, to insult one poor honest girl! The women that live in your own houses must be naught, or you would respect them too much to insult a girl of good character."

"There, come away, before we hear worse," said Dierich, hastily. "He is not in the chimney. Plaster will mend what a cudgel breaks; but a woman's tongue is a double-edged dagger, and a girl is a woman with her mother's milk still in her." And he beat a hasty retreat. "I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHERE is the woman that can not act a part? Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves? Nature on these great occasions comes to the aid of the simplest of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Solomon's eyes. The men had no sooner retired than Margaret stepped out of bed and opened the long chest on which she had been lying down in her skirt and petticoat and stockings, and night-dress over all, and put the lid, bed-clothes and all, against the wall: then glided to the door and listened. The footsteps died away through her father's room, and down the stairs.

Now in that chest there was a peculiarity that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect. A part of the boarding of the room had been broken, and Gerard being applied to to make it look neater, and being short of materials, had ingeniously sawed away a space sufficient just to admit Margaret's *soi-disant* bed, and with the materials thus acquired he had repaired the whole room. As for the bed or chest, it really rested on the rafters a foot below the boards. Consequently it was full two feet deep, though it looked scarce one.

All was quiet. Margaret kneeled and gave thanks to Heaven. Then she glided from the door, and leaned over the empty chest, and whispered, tenderly, "Gerard!"

Gerard did not reply.

She then whispered, a little louder, "Gerard, all is safe, thank Heaven! You may rise; but, oh! be cautious!"

Gerard made no reply.

She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Gerard!"

No reply.

"Oh! what is this?" she cried, and her hands ran wildly over his face and his bosom. She took him by the shoulders; she shook him; she lifted him; but he escaped from her trembling hands, and fell back, not like a man, but like a body. A great dread fell on her. The lid had been down. She had lain upon it. The men had been some time in the room. With all the strength of frenzy she tore him out of the chest. She bore him in her arms to the window. She dashed the window open. The sweet air came in. She laid him in it and in the moonlight. His face was the color of ashes, his body was all limp and motionless. She felt his heart. Horror! it was as still as the rest! Horror of horrors! she had stifled him with her own body!

CHAPTER XX.

THE mind can not all at once believe so great and sudden and strange a calamity. Gerard, who had got alive into that chest scarce five minutes ago, how could he be dead?

She called him by all the endearing names that heart could think, or tongue could frame. She kissed him, and fondled him, and coaxed him, and implored him to speak to her.

No answer to words of love, such as she had never uttered to him before, nor thought she could utter. Then the poor creature, trembling all over, began to say over that white face little foolish things that were at once terrible and pitiable.

"Oh, Gerard! I am very sorry you are dead! I am very sorry I have killed you! Forgive me for not letting the man take you; it would have been better than this! Oh, Gerard! I am very, very sorry for what I have done!" Then she began suddenly to rave. "No! no! such things can't be, or there is no God! It is monstrous! How can my Gerard be dead? How can I have killed my Gerard? I love him! O God! you know how I love him! He does not. I never told him. If he knew my heart he would speak to me; he would not be so deaf to his poor Margaret. It is all a trick to make me cry out and betray him: but no, I love him too well for that. I'll choke first." And she seized her own throat, to check her wild desire to scream in her terror and anguish.

"If he would but say one word. Oh, Gerard! don't die without a word. Have mercy on me and scold me! but speak to me: if you are angry with me, scold me! curse me! I deserve it: the idiot that killed the man she loved better than herself. Ah! I am a murderess. The worst in all the world. Help, help! I have murdered him. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!"

She tore her hair, and uttered shriek after shriek so wild, so piercing, they fell like a knell upon the ears of Dierich Brower and his men. All started to their feet, and looked at one another.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARTIN WITTENHAAGEN, standing at the foot of the stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the head, and his knife behind him, was struck with amazement to see the men come back without Gerard: he lowered his bow, and looked open-mouthed at them. They, for their part, were equally surprised at the attitude they had caught him in.

"Why, mates, was the old fellow making ready to shoot one of *us*?"

"Stuff!" said Martin, recovering his stolid composure, "I was but trying my new string. There, I'll unstring my bow, if you think that."

"Humph!" said Dierich, suspiciously, "there is something more in you than I understand: put a log on, and let us dry our hides a bit ere we go."

A blazing fire was soon made, and the men gathered round it, and their clothes and long hair were soon smoking from the cheerful blaze. Then it was that the shrieks were heard in Margaret's room. They all started up, and one of them seized the candle, and ran up the steps that led to the bedrooms.

Martin rose hastily, too, and being confused by these sudden screams, and apprehending danger from the man's curiosity, tried to prevent him from going there.

At this Dierich threw his arms round him from behind, and called on the others to keep him. The man that had the candle got clear away, and all the rest fell upon Martin, and after a long and fierce struggle, in the course of which they were more than once all rolling on the floor, with Martin in the middle, they succeeded in mastering the old Samson, and binding him hand and foot with a rope they had brought for Gerard.

"That is a good job," said Dierich, pointing; "our lives weren't safe while this old fellow's four bones were free. He makes me think Gerard is hereabouts, for all we can't find him. Hallo, mates! Jorian Ketel's a long time in that girl's bedroom.

The rude laugh caused by this remark had hardly subsided when hasty footsteps were heard running along overhead.

"Oh! here he comes, at last. Well, Jorian, what is to do now?"

CHAPTER XXII.

JORIAN KETEL went straight to Margaret's room, and there he found the man he had been in search of, pale and motionless, his head in Margaret's lap, and she kneeling over him, mute now, and stricken to stone. Her eyes were dilated, yet glazed, and she neither saw the light nor heard the man, nor cared for any thing on earth but the white face in her lap.

Jorian stood awe-struck; the candle shaking in his hand.

Why, where was he, then, all the time?

Margaret heeded him not. Jorian went to the empty chest and inspected it. He began to comprehend. The girl's dumb and frozen despair moved him.

"This is a sorry sight," said he; "it is a black night's work; all for a few skins! Better have gone with us than so. She is past answering me, poor wench! Stop—let us try."

He took down a little round mirror, no bigger than his hand, and put it to Gerard's mouth and nostrils, and held it there. When he withdrew it, it was dull. Jorian Ketel gave a joyful cry:

"THERE IS LIFE IN HIM, GIRL!"

At that word, it was as if a statue had started into life and passion. Margaret rose, and flung her arms round Jorian's neck.

"Oh bless the tongue that tells me so!" and she kissed the great rough fellow again and again, eagerly, almost fiercely.

"There, there! let us lay him warm," said Jorian; and in a moment he raised Gerard, and laid him on the bed-clothes. Then he took out a flask he carried, and filled his hand twice with Schiedamze, and flung it sharply each time in Gerard's face. The pungent liquor co-operated with his recovery—he gave a faint sigh. Oh, never was sound so joyful to human ear! She flew toward him, but then stopped, quivering for fear she should hurt him. She had lost all confidence in herself.

"That is right—let him alone," said Jorian; "don't go cuddling him as you did me, or you'll drive his breath back again. Let him alone: he is sure to come to. 'Tisn't like as if he was an old man."

Gerard sighed deeply, and a faint streak of color stole to his lips. Jorian made for the door. He had hardly reached it, when he found his legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret! She curled round his knees like a serpent, and kissed his hand, and fawned on him. "You won't tell? You have saved his life; you have not the heart to thrust him back into his grave, to undo your own good work?"

"No, no! It is not the first time I've done you two a good turn; 'twas I told you in the church whither we had to take him. Besides, what is Dirk Brower to me? I'll see him hanged ere I'll

tell him. But I wish you'd tell *me* where the parchments are? There are a hundred crowns offered for them. That would be a good windfall for my Joan and the children, you know."

"Ah! they shall have those hundred crowns."

"What! are the things in the house?" asked Jorian, eagerly.

"No; but I know where they are: and, by God and St. Barsos, I swear you shall have them to-morrow. Come to me for them when you will, but come alone."

"I were mad, else. What! share the hundred crowns with Dirk Brower? And now may my bones rot in my skin if I let a soul know the poor boy is here!"

He then ran off, lest by staying longer he should excite suspicion, and have them all after him. And Margaret knelt, quivering from head to foot, and prayed beside Gerard, and for Gerard.

"What is to do? Why, we have scared the girl out of her wits. She was in a kind of fit."

"We had better all go and doctor her, then."

"Oh yes! and frighten her into the church-yard. Her father is a doctor, and I have roused him, and set him to bring her round. Let us see the fire, will ye?"

His off-hand way disarmed all suspicion. And soon after the party agreed that the kitchen of the Three Kings was much warmer than Peter's house, and they departed, having first untied Martin.

"Take note, mate, that I was right, and the Burgomaster wrong," said Dierich Brower, at the door: "I said we should be too late to catch him, and we were too late."

Thus Gerard, in one terrible night, grazed the prison and the grave!

And how did he get clear at last? Not by his cunningly-contrived hiding-place, nor by Margaret's ready wit; but by a good impulse in one of his captors—by the bit of humanity left in a somewhat reckless fellow's heart, aided by his desire of gain. So mixed and seemingly incongruous are human motives, so short-sighted our shrewdest counsels!

They whose moderate natures, or gentle fates, keep them in life's passage from the fierce extremes of joy and anguish our nature is capable of, are perhaps the best, and certainly the happiest, of mankind. But to such readers I should try in vain to convey what bliss unspeakable settled now upon those persecuted lovers. Even to those who have joyed greatly, and greatly suffered, my feeble art can present but a pale reminiscence, and a faint reflection of Margaret's and Gerard's ecstasy.

To sit and see a beloved face come back from the grave to the world, to health and beauty by swift gradations; to see the roses return to the loved cheek, love's glance to the loved eye, and his words to the loved mouth: this was Margaret's—a joy to balance years of sorrow. It was Gerard's to awake from a trance and find his head pillowed on Margaret's arm; to hear the woman he adored murmur new words of eloquent love, and shower tears and tender kisses and caresses on him. He never knew, till this sweet moment, how ardently, how tenderly she loved him. He thanked his enemies. They wreathed their arms sweetly round each other, and trouble and danger seemed a world, an age, behind them. They called each other husband and wife. Had they not stood before the altar together? Was not the blessing of Holy Church upon their union?—her curse on all who would part them?

But as no woman's nerves can bear with impunity so terrible a strain, presently Margaret turned faint, and sank on Gerard's shoulder, smiling feebly, but quite, quite unstrung. Thus Gerard was anxious, and would seek assistance. But she held him with a gentle grasp, and implored him not to leave her for a moment. "While I can lay my hand on you I feel you are safe, not else. Foolish Gerard! nothing ails me. I am weak, dearest, but happy, oh! so happy!"

Then it was Gerard's turn to support that dear head, with its great waves of hair flowing loose over him, and nurse her, and soothe her, quivering on his bosom, with soft, encouraging words and murmurs of love and gentle caresses. Sweetest of all her charms is a woman's weakness to a manly heart.

Poor things! they were happy. To-morrow they must part. But that was nothing to them now. They had seen death, and all other troubles seemed light as air. While there is life there is hope: while there is hope there is joy. Separation for a year or two, what was it to them, who were so young, and had caught a glimpse of the grave? The future was bright, the present was heaven: so passed the blissful hours.

Alas! their innocence ran other risks besides the prison and the grave: they were in most danger from their own hearts and their inexperience, now that visible danger there was none.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth!
Oh doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Vail the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

IN such risings of fire and risings of sea—the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean, which had now no ebb, but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore—three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Many a night and many a day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag, and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

Monseigneur, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being so little wanted in France as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life together. Like the fabled rustic who raised the Devil with infinite pains, and was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask the Enemy no question, but immediately fled; so Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backward for a great number of years, and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels.

The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, or it would have been the mark for a hurricane of national bullets. It had never been a good eye to see with—had long had the mote in it of Lucifer's pride, Sardanapalus's luxury, and a mole's blindness—but it had dropped out and was gone. The Court, from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption, and dissimulation, was all gone together. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the head-quarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur, without a guinea, haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon came quickest. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house, and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate. Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and, anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new-comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of High Exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the Bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to read.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House was now the News Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you—"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of traveling, a disorganized country, a city that may not even be safe to you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganized city, if it were not a disorganized city there would be no occasion to send somebody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain traveling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counselor!"

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One can not help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned something to them"—he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner—"that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie—"

"When you were talking to Lucie!" Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set afire to-day, or sacked to-morrow? Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm's way, is within the power (without loss of precious time) of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this—Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, Sir, to half a dozen old codgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry!"

"Tut! Nonsense, Sir!—And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the House again, "you are to remember that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence; it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you) by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the Barriers. At another time our parcels would come and go as easily as in business-like Old England; but now, every thing is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being any thing but an English bull-dog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at any body who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough then to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long. It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee, and it was much too much the way of native British orthodoxy, to talk of this terrible Revolution as if it were the one only harvest ever known under the skies that had not been sown—as if nothing had ever been done, or omitted to be done, that had led to it—as if observers of the wretched millions in France, and of the misused and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming, years before, and had not in plain words recorded what they saw. Such vaporing, combined with the extravagant plots of Monseigneur for the restoration of a state of things that had utterly exhausted itself, and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself, was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth. And it was such vaporing all about his ears, like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had already made Charles Darnay restless, and which still kept him so.

Among the talkers was Stryver, of the King's Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion, and therefore loud on the theme: broaching to Monseigneur his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth, and doing without them: and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race. Him Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection; and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the thing that was to be went on to shape itself out.

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked

"I KNOW THE FELLOW."

if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémond, of France, Confided to the cares of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to every body now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of this plotting and indignant refugee; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of that plotting and indignant refugee; and This, That, and The Other, all had something disparaging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe—but in any case degenerate successor—of the polished Marquis who was murdered," said one. "Happy to say I never knew him."

"A craven who abandoned his post," said another—this Monseigneur had been got out of Paris, legs uppermost and half suffocated, in a load of hay—"some years ago."

"Infected with the new doctrines," said a third, eying the direction through his glass in passing; "set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will recompense him now, I hope, as he deserves."

"Hey?" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? Is that the sort of fellow? Let us look at his infamous name. D—n the fellow!"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder, and said:

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? D'ye hear what he did? Don't ask why in these times."

"But I do ask why."

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow, who, infected by the most pestilent and blasphemous code of devilry that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll answer you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said: "You may not understand the gentleman."

"I understand how to put *you* in a corner, Mr. Darnay," said Bully Stryver, "and I'll do it. If this fellow is a gentleman, I *don't* understand him. You may tell him so, with my compliments. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob, I wonder he is not at the head of them. But no, gentlemen," said Stryver, looking all round, and snapping his fingers, "I know something of human nature, and I tell you that you'll never find a fellow like this fellow trusting himself to the mercies of such precious *protégés*. No, gentlemen; he'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle, and sneak away."

With these words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet Street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the Bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you undertake to explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here, on the chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver and most other men, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:

"Prison of the Abbaye, Paris.
"June 21, 1792.

"Monsieur heretofore the Marquis,—After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rent; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant! I cry in my sleep where is he! I demand of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me! No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris!

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succor and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Oh Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me!

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

"Your afflicted
"Gabelle."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

He knew very well that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the aversion with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold, he had acted imperfectly. He knew very well that, in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his social place, though by no means new to his own mind, had been hurried and incomplete. He knew that he ought to have systematically worked it out and supervised it, and that he had meant to do it, and that it had never been done.

The happiness of his own chosen English home, the necessity of being always actively employed, the swift changes and troubles of the time which had followed on one another so fast, that the events of this week annihilated the immature plans of last week, and the events of the week following made all new again; he knew very well that to the force of these circumstances he had yielded—not without disquiet, but still without continuous and accumulating resistance. That he had watched the times for a time of action, and that they had shifted and struggled until the time had gone by, and the nobility were trooping from France by every highway and by-way, and their property was in course of confiscation and destruction, and their very names were blotting out, was as well known to himself as it could be to any new authority in France that might impeach him for it.

But he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues that he had relinquished them of his own will, thrown himself on a world with no favor in it, won his own private place there, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer—and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favored the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

Yes. Like the mariner in the old story, the winds and streams had driven him within the influence of the Loadstone Rock, and it was drawing him to itself, and he must go. Every thing that arose before his mind drifted him on, faster and faster, more and more steadily, to the terrible attraction. His latent uneasiness had been that bad aims were being worked out in his own unhappy land by bad instruments, and that he, who could not fail to know that he was better than they, was not there, trying to do something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. With this uneasiness half stifled, and half reproaching him, he had been brought to the pointed comparison of himself with the brave old gentleman in whom duty was so strong; upon that comparison (injurious to himself) had instantly followed the sneers of Monseigneur, which had stung him bitterly, and those of Stryver, which above all were coarse and galling for old reasons. Upon those had followed Gabelle's letter: the appeal of an innocent prisoner, in danger of death, to his justice, honor, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. The intention with which he had done what he had done, even although he had left it incomplete, presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it. Then that glorious vision of doing good, which is so often the sanguine mirage of so many good minds, arose before him, and he even saw himself in the illusion with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts toward the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt. How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father, through the painful anxiety to avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind, he did not discuss with himself. But that circumstance too had had its influence in his course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the Bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank into the misty air of Fleet Street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled as the carriage rolled away.

That night—it was the fourteenth of August—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both he wrote that he would dispatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. It was a hard matter to preserve the innocent deceit of which they were profoundly unsuspicious. But an affectionate glance at his wife, so happy and busy, made him resolute not to tell her what impended (he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in any thing without her quiet aid), and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by-and-by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready), and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong toward it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover, and began his journey. "For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

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